

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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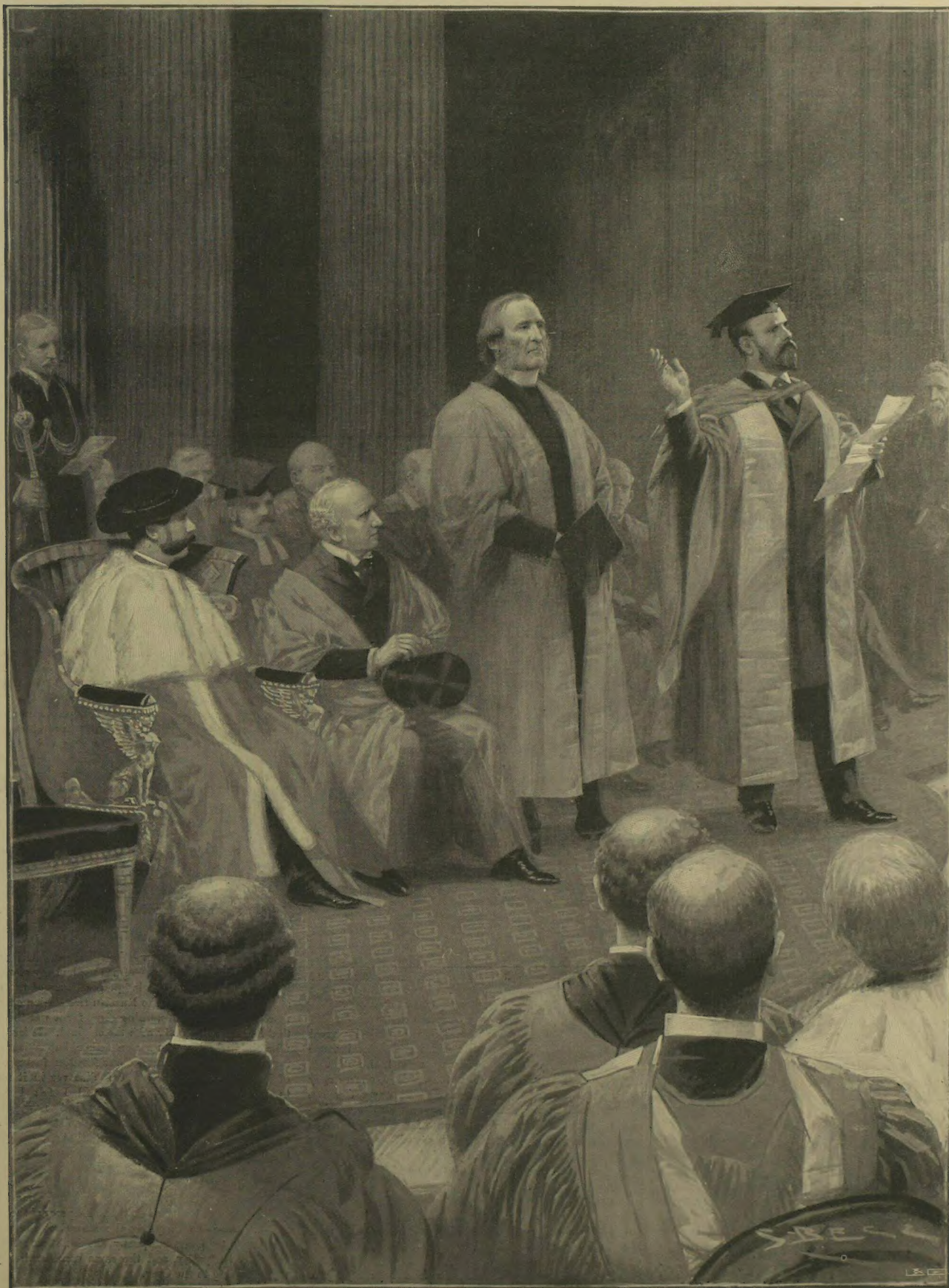
WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: SIXPENCE.  
WESTMINSTER ABBEY. By Post, 6½d.

The Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Hill.

Lord Russell of Killowen.

Dr. Temple.

The Public Orator, Dr. Sandys.



THE HONORARY DEGREE OF LL.D. CONFERRED UPON THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE AT CAMBRIDGE:  
THE PUBLIC ORATOR PRESENTING DR. TEMPLE FOR THE DEGREE.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In a biography like that of Tennyson, the offspring of love and reverence, there can be no question of wrong done to its subject. We may be sure that there is nothing there to the presence of which the poet would have made serious objection. He seems, indeed, to have left the whole matter, including that of selection from his unpublished poems, to the good taste and judgment of his son and his friends. Yet, even in this case one could wish there had been no such selection. No one can be so good a judge of his own works—in comparison, that is, with one another—as the author himself. It is not in the nature of poets, however great, to think less well of their compositions than they deserve; and when in their lifetime they have decided that this or that of their compositions does not come up to their standard, it seems to me that the judgment should not be reversed after their decease. One can imagine that some poem written in youth may be an exception, as proving an early development of genius; but when the intelligence of an author has become mature there seems to be no excuse for exhibiting after his decease specimens of it which were in his own opinion below par. We have excellent authority for preferring the best wine, and not the worst, at the feast's end. To the public at large the matter may not be of much consequence, but to those to whom Tennyson is something more than the sweetest singer of our day these third-rate productions of his muse are unwelcome.

As to the exhibition of the germs of a fine poem in the biography of its author, it is, no doubt, a legitimate subject of literary interest. But to those who most appreciate the complete work, there is something of disillusion in the revelation. This is especially the case with such gems of thought as one can wear about us, and which spring to our lips in solitude. One prefers to think that such poems as "Tears, Idle Tears" and "Break, Break, Break," for example, came, as we know them, straight from heaven into the poet's brain.

How much one loses by being learned and scientific! Without going so far as to say ignorance is bliss, there is a freshness and capacity about it which the well-informed can never know. For my part, I am perpetually making discoveries of the most interesting nature, which have everything to recommend them, the cultured cynic may say, except novelty; but to me they have also that. A gentleman of New York is said to have beaten a Jew very unmercifully for a crime committed by his nation at the commencement of the Christian Era. "But, Sir," pleaded the unhappy Hebrew, "that happened nearly two thousand years ago!" "That may be so," responded his persecutor (who had never even been to a Sunday School), "but I only heard of it for the first time last night." Such violent delights as that of this belated citizen are necessarily rare, but there is a great deal of pleasure to be got out of not knowing things, not to mention the immense satisfaction it affords to that large class of one's fellow-creatures which is never so happy as when supplying information. I believe I have added to the happiness of mankind in this way as much as anybody. For even when I understand anything of a scientific character which has been explained to me, it is lost in the first five minutes, and my mind becomes a blank for the next interpreter. It may be asked, "But why, then, do you ask for explanation?" I reply (though to the selfish and ineffective it may seem incredible), "Solely to give pleasure." I have noticed about five times out of six in these benevolent experiments that the first thing to be done in the manufacture of anything scientific is to "create a vacuum." My answer to this piece of information, suggested by long experience, is to give a nod of intelligence. I hope and believe that the recording angel who superintends the duplicity and white lie departments takes no note of nods. There was a time when I was weak enough to inquire how this creation was effected, my private impression being that it was managed by the stomach-pump. I am wiser now, though only so far as to be silent on the subject. As the explanation proceeds, my brain becomes of the consistency of a poached egg, but I never forget my rôle as benefactor to the human species. Whether it is electricity or binetallism, I am an equally intelligent listener to the bitter end. This has aged me, of course, but it will, I trust, give me consolation when it is most needed. Never have I answered to the voice of Science, speaking through the voice of a friend: "My good soul, you might just as well try and teach me metaphysics." Where is the man of information—no matter how infinitesimal—who can boast of a similar forbearance?

A kind friend, who is always sending me things, sent me a coloured photograph the other day. To me it was a novelty, and I was as pleased as a child with a new toy. But enter, as the stage-plays say, two visitors, both wells of information. They laugh at my picture as if it were something in *Punch*. They pelt me with technical terms from which I learn nothing, except that four negatives only make one affirmative. Finally they tell me that such a thing as a coloured photograph does not exist. Now these pitiless persons are gone, perhaps one may be

permitted to speculate upon what the effect of the coloured photograph will be when it does come. Will it hurt the landscape-painters, as the ordinary photograph hurt the portrait-painters, and the daguerreotype Miss La Creevy's trade? How, again, will it affect the public? One of the great advantages of the photograph, as we know it, is the opportunity it affords of explaining why it did not do justice to the sitter. "It has got dearest Julia's sweet expression, but, of course, it could not take her wonderful colouring." If the coloured photograph does that, what excuse is to be made for dearest Julia's uncomplimentary likeness?

The notion of an Academy of Letters is again being ventilated in a number of newspapers. The lists of members suggested by the various plebiscites are often instructive; sometimes they are an education in themselves. One learns from them for the first time the existence of some of the foremost writers of the day. Where the information is deficient is in there being no indication of the line in which they have so distinguished themselves. The simple abbreviations div., phil., po., nov., etc. (for divine, philosopher, poet, novelist, etc.), would be a great assistance. When that excellent work "Men of the Time" was first published its system of selection was, naturally, less faultless than at present. I well remember how pleased certain young authors of the day were to find their names in it, and how surprised their friends were to see them there; but there was nothing so amazing as the results of these literary plebiscites.

The City and the City Companies are certainly in better odour with the public than they used to be. There is a general notion that they are getting more in line with the march of Progress, but so long as they continue to hold their day of rejoicing in the very worst month for its enjoyment, there will be great doubts as to their intelligence. No amount of enthusiasm—and in civic matters there is not much to spare—can triumph over fog and slush. The chief objection to a change of season for the exhibition seems almost parochial in its triviality. As the Lord Mayor is elected in November, the show, it is said, must be in November. But why not elect him in July? In that case, it is urged, the office must be held—to make a start—for twenty months, or else for eight. Why should it not be so? It is an expensive business, notwithstanding the large allowance made for its support—there is a legend that one Lord Mayor was so economical as to make a sovereign out of it, but the authority for this statement is doubtful—a comparatively poor Alderman would therefore be glad to take it for the shorter term, and a rich one for the longer. Then the thing would be started fair. As to the possibility of a Lord Mayor's reign being curtailed, notwithstanding the divinity that some (foreigners) suppose to hedge him, it has been done, I believe, twice already. "Grim Death he heuks us a," as the fisherman's song has it, and he has hooked a couple of Lord Mayors. "Every man thinks," as a classic author tells us, "that he will live a year," still it is rather curious that no Vice-Mayor is elected at the same time as the proper one, to fill, if so dire a catastrophe should happen, the civic vacancy. It would not, of course, be worth while, to inaugurate the new régime, to kill a Lord Mayor at the end of June—he should, by rights, be drowned (like Clarence in his favourite Malmsey) in turtle-soup—but the change ought to be made somehow.

Someone with a sense of stage effect ought to take in charge the arrangement of the Lord Mayors' Shows. Anything less suitable to the climate and the situation than the allegories or representations attempted on such occasions is inconceivable. It is true that the nymphs—or nereids, as they should be called, for it is always a wet day—have been withdrawn, but their substitutes are no improvement. In the latest exhibition, English—I beg pardon, British—sports were personified. Cricket, football, and even golf, on the outside of a car! If games are to be represented, they should be such as it would be possible to play in such a position. Why not have a rubber at whist? (I have played one under circumstances much more inconvenient.) Why not what good Mrs. Candle called the national and athletic game of cribbage? Patience on a monument is proverbial; why not patience on a car?

The British elector has been taken to task by great political authorities for voting against a Ministry because it has muzzled his dog. It is very wrong of him, no doubt, but, except to persons who do not keep dogs, exceedingly natural. The small annoyances we feel every day are much more irritating than something seriously to our disadvantage that has been enacted once for all. We do not recognise its offensiveness till the tax-gatherer reminds us of it; and if we are very large-minded, we may admit even then that there is something to be said for it. In the most despotic countries it has always been the lesser laws—edicts about the cut of their beards, or their clothes—which people have opposed with the greatest obstinacy. Our pet dog's muzzle is a kind of garment in which he has to be encased when he takes his walks abroad, or even a frisk before our front door; when he rubs it off—which the poor creature is always trying to

do—there is the deuce, or, at all events, ten shillings, to pay; and there is always a chance of his being carried to Battersea and put in the lethal chamber. Now as many people love their dogs at least as well as their acquaintances, they not only dislike the regulation that causes these worries, but the people that made it. The wonder that things should be otherwise arises from the ignorance of human nature, which is nowhere more prevalent than among lawyers and politicians. Moreover, the laws about little matters are always the most indifferently administered, of which the muzzling laws are an example. The other day some provincial Solons absolutely fined a Punch-and-Judy man for not muzzling his dog Toby! I suppose it requires judgment and independence to perceive what should be an exceptional case. It is always a weak Judge who, in permitting what he knows to be an injustice, tells us from the Bench that "he is there to administer the law as he finds it." Yet one would have thought that everybody knew Dog Toby has to bite Punch's nose off, and cannot possibly perform that operation with a muzzle on. Actors are allowed to do things on the stage that they may not do in real life—to dress in women's clothes, for instance—and why not in Punch's theatre, which is a stage, though only a peripatetic one?

One of the most embarrassing duties of a Lord Chancellor—a post, in my youth, I looked to fill—must be that of appointing a new Judge. For every friend he attaches to him by the promotion, he must make at least a dozen enemies; while he has as little chance of satisfying his profession by his selection as an arbitrator of contenting a trade union. The opinion of the Bar seems to be that the man who has the most briefs ought to get the place, which is intelligible enough, since he leaves the most briefs to be scrambled for. They would have us believe that this implies the most knowledge of law, and, perhaps, as regards Chancery business, it may be so; but what is quite as much required in a Judge who has to decide criminal matters is a knowledge of human nature, a sympathy with its weaknesses and its wrongs, and a clear sense of proportion. It is only too evident that some of our Judges are very deficient in these attributes. Some are lax in their sentences, some are brutal; only a few of them seem to recognise the degrees of crime, or, rather, of the wickedness that begets it. They are hard, for example, on those who thieve through want, and hesitate to inflict imprisonment, far less corporal punishment, upon the cruel. They are jealous defenders of property, but not of the person. It is probable that the very extent of their practice as barristers has militated against their capabilities for the Bench. They are so saturated with law that it seems to have put out the last embers of a just indignation: they have become out of touch with their fellow-creatures: they want someone to sit beside them (as members of the Trinity House sit beside the Judges in the Admiralty Court) to point out to them what pertains to human nature.

It is singular what good Judges some men have turned out to be of whom no such expectation could have been formed. Pemberton, in his youth, gambled away all his substance, and was imprisoned in the Fleet. There he took to studying the law. The other prisoners called him "The Counsellor" (like the man in "Lorna Doone"), and gave him fees for his advice, as they did Mr. Pell in "Pickwick." He came out of prison a sharper at the law, and presently became an ornament of the Bench. He had some vicissitudes even then, but eventually became Lord Chief Justice, and distinguished himself very creditably as counsel for the seven Bishops. Popham, up to thirty years of age, was a great scamp, and even took purses "on the road." But, persuaded by his wife, after giving a farewell entertainment to his vagabond friends, he fell to hard study. Even Coke acknowledged him to be a most consummate lawyer, though as Lord Chief Justice he was notorious as a hanging Judge, and especially hard upon highwaymen.

I have had the honour—though often, alas! unaccompanied by an honorarium—of having had my stories translated into most European languages, some of them (to me, at least) obscure ones: the Russian translation gave me the most excitement (and nothing else), for it was the only one that I could not identify with the original. It is said to be a wise child who knows its own father, but my case was the reverse of this proverb; not one familiar feature, no trace of hereditary likeness, could I discover in it from first to last, not even the title. Still I felt I had some friendly connection with Russia; but now, alas! my relations with that Power have become strained. A friend writes to me from St. Petersburg that the "Note Book" often comes to him much obliterated, and that so completely that even the microscope does not avail him. It is said to be compelled to the conclusion that the Russians resent the advances of civilisation even in its most innocent form. Mrs. Browning wrote to the Emperor of the French in remonstrance about a personal matter, but she never sent the letter; twopence halfpenny, she doubtless reflected, was twopence halfpenny, and the same consideration prevents my appealing to the Czar.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## A GREAT DEGREE DAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

Cambridge University conferred on the Archbishop of Canterbury and on the Lord Chief Justice of England the degree of LL.D. (*honoris causa*) on Thursday afternoon last week. The Senate House was well filled with spectators of the interesting ceremony, and the recipients of the honour were received with loud cheers as they took their seats to right and left of the Vice-Chancellor's chair. Undergraduates, present in large numbers, made themselves heard to advantage when, after some rather tedious routine business, the Public Orator led the Archbishop forward and introduced him in an elegant Latin oration. No less cordial was the welcome accorded to Lord Russell of Killowen when his turn came to hear the high encomium passed upon his person and upon his office.

In the evening the Vice-Chancellor entertained a distinguished party of the legal profession in the hall of Downing College. Lord Russell of Killowen, in response to a toast of his health, said that the presence of so many of his colleagues at a banquet given in his honour was felt by him to be a further distinction added to the other distinctions of that day. It was their good opinion, he said, that he valued above that of all others. Speaking of legal education in this country as falling short of any very exalted standard, he expressed a hope that a great School of Law would ere long be established in London, in harmony, not conflict, with the Universities. Unless that is done, Lord Russell of Killowen believes that English jurists must be, as a rule, the inferiors of their foreign brothers. The many offices of honour and profit open to barristers—including the highest office in the land to a barrister of seven years' standing—ought to render imperative the raising of the standard of legal education; else how could they fairly lay claim, asked the Lord Chief Justice, to a continuance of their exceptional privileges? This is franker speech than is often heard from one of the heads of a great profession; but in the opinion of Lord Russell of Killowen his age entitles him to utter it.

## THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

Last week, on Nov. 9, General Sir William Lockhart, in the Maidan valley of Tirah, conducted an effective attack on the enemy's position at Saran Sar; but, in the return march, part of the rear-guard, consisting of several companies of the Northamptonshire Regiment, were embarrassed by foes creeping up the ravines and firing upon them from behind crags on the hills to right and left, and the 36th Sikhs, going to their assistance, lost fifty men killed or wounded. Military operations have been rather less active since then. Lieutenant Macintyre and twelve of the Northamptonshire Regiment were killed; thirty or forty of that and the Dorsetshire Regiment wounded. In another direction, towards the Kurram valley, a picket of Sikhs of the Maharajah of Kapurthala's regiment were surprised and all killed. On Saturday, Nov. 13, there was some fighting in the Mastura district, where Captain Smith-Dorrien, with a foraging party of the Derbyshire Regiment, repulsed a strong force of the enemy, but had two officers and four soldiers wounded. General Kempster's Brigade was detached to the north-east, through the Ziyandin Khel and Zakka Khel to the Sher Khel districts, meeting with little or no opposition except from the Zakka Khels. On Sunday he destroyed the fort of the Mullah Said Akbar, where letters were found proving a wide conspiracy of Moslem chiefs. He has occupied the Waran valley, fifteen miles from the headquarters of Sir William Lockhart, in order to co-operate with General Hammond's advance from Bara. The main army would move westward about Nov. 18. Most of the hostile tribes seem now inclined to submit. The Madda Khel Jirgha came into the camp on Sunday, with hostages for peace.

## THE LATE HON. WILLIAM OWEN STANLEY.

A service was held on Nov. 9 in the Church of St. Cybi, Holyhead, on the occasion of the unveiling of a monument by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., to the late Hon. William Owen Stanley, of Penrhos, and of the dedication of a south chancel aisle, built for its reception by Miss Jane Adeane, in which are windows by the firm of William Morris and Co., from designs by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, also her gift. The Bishop of Bangor performed the service, assisted by Canon Walter Thomas. The Dean of Bangor and the Rev. Charles Way read the lessons, and the sermon was preached by the Dean of St. Asaph.

The grey building was bathed in brilliant sunshine; the nave and aisles were crowded with an overflowing congregation from all parts of the island of Holyhead, among whom could be seen the high hats and red cloaks of some of the older inhabitants who still wear the national costume.

Mr. Stanley, who was the twin-brother of Lord Stanley of Alderley, was Lord Lieutenant of Anglesey, and for many years Member of the House of Commons. His mother was the Lady Maria Holroyd who wrote of Gibbon in such a delightful way. Mr. Stanley died in 1884. The epitaph on the tomb describes him thus: "A scholar and antiquary, he dwelt among his own people in the island of Holyhead, and gave a long life to their welfare."

The time and care that Mr. Hamo Thornycroft has expended on the fine monument have been well repaid, for

El Dorado, and there to establish and conduct stores, hospitals, and even a circulating library for the benefit of the great mushroom colony—called into being by the magic of the word "Gold!" It will be interesting to hear what type of literature the mining population most affects. Will it be all for Stevenson and the class of writers to whom he paid graceful tribute in his reference to "Kingston and Ballantyne the brave"? Will it vote *en masse* for Mr. Morley Roberts, or will it look back with longing to the *fin de siècle* problem novel and tear the volumes of "Iota" and Sarah Grand into sections for division amongst would-be readers as an old-world generation did the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe? It will be interesting to know. Meantime we give some illustrations of less intellectual scenes, reproduced from the snap-shots of a correspondent, and, as such, interesting in their actuality.

## MUSIC.

The concert season is now in full swing, and so far its progress has been marked by some brilliant displays of splendid orchestral playing. It is the orchestral concert, in fact, which at the present moment has reached probably the height of its vogue, and which is now the fashionable and popular entertainment of London. Mr. Schulz-Curtius, for example, organised during last week

a most attractive instrumental concert at the Queen's Hall, when Herr Mottl conducted the first of the autumn series for which he has been engaged. He played the now world-famous Tchaikowsky Pathetic Symphony, and played it, moreover, like a master. He did not, certainly, attain to the emotional heights reached by Herr Richter at his recent Birmingham performance, but as an intellectual *tour de force* the result was admirable. He shook the thing a before you and by the care and carefulness of his methods he, as it were, explained the construction of the thing with consummate dexterity. One is rather led to think that if Herr Richter's is the more sympha-



MONUMENT TO THE HON. WILLIAM OWEN STANLEY.—BY HAMO THORNYCROFT.

thetic and tender version, that of Herr Mottl is likely to rank in time as the more classical.

On the day after this exceedingly interesting Mottl concert M. Lamoureux gave his second orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall under Mr. Robert Newman's direction.

At his first concert, the week before, M. Lamoureux had not quite succeeded in persuading us of his absolute mastery of his new forces. On the present occasion he played Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, a work in its own way unmatched in the whole range of absolute music for delicacy, fullness, sweetness, and sheer beauty of phrasing. In playing this extraordinary work, M. Lamoureux showed his real and genuine greatness. He drew from his strings something like a perfect tone, and he mirrored his own personality in their playing with amazing faithfulness and accuracy. It is not easy to imagine the glorious Adagio—which Berlioz so finely compared to the melody that might have sprung from the Archangel Michael as he stood watching new worlds floating up into space—more perfectly; every shade, every detail, and with these the coherence of the thing, its completeness, and its finish, were interpreted with fine accuracy and finer feeling. By this performance, with new forces and under new conditions, M. Lamoureux proved himself to be a conductor of the highest order.

On the Thursday of last week the first of the autumn series of concerts undertaken by the Royal Choral Society was given in the shape of our old familiar friend "Elijah," under the direction of Sir Frederick Bridge at the Albert Hall. Mr. Santley took his old part of the Prophet, and sang with amazing vigour and effectiveness. There were times, of course, when he showed himself to be older than once he was; but it is astonishing to mark how bravely he withstands the shocks of Time, and with how capital a spirit he still maintains his old reputation. Madame Albani, Mlle. Giulia Ravogli, and Mr. Edward Lloyd sang all of them exceedingly well.

## THE NEW GERMAN MILITARY BALLOON.

This huge machine is built of aluminium, is about 130 ft. long by 42 ft. high, and has a weight of some 7500 lb. Motion is obtained by a screw propeller at the lower part of either side, driven by a benzine motor in the car beneath. The ascent was made from the manoeuvring ground at Tempelhofer Felde, near Berlin, and at first good headway was made against a strong wind, but unfortunately (probably owing to the gale), the belting connecting the motor and the shafting slid from one of its pulleys, and the whole affair immediately fell in a slanting direction in Schöneberg, one of the suburbs of Berlin. The engineer sprang out of the car just before the ground was reached, but the car and motor were smashed to atoms, and the body of the balloon itself heavily damaged. During the night the hurricane completed the havoc, and next morning the thin shell lay in a heap of ruins. The cost of the balloon was about £10,000, but as its manoeuvring capacity is considered proved another is to be built without loss of time.

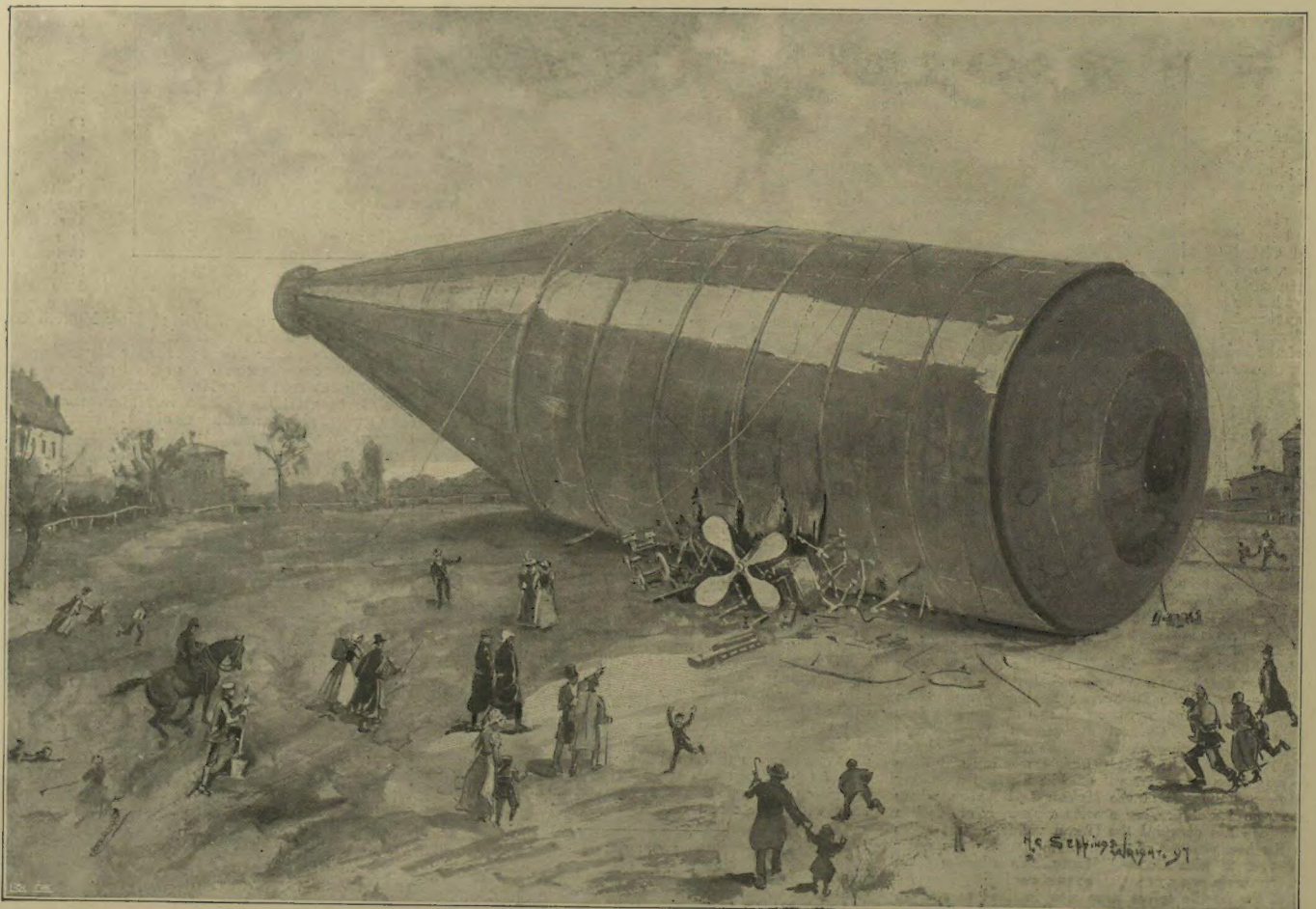
## GOLDEN KLONDIKE.

The rush to Klondike goes on apace, and gathers volume as it goes. Among the latest of adventurous spirits to make a bold bid for fortune are some fifty women, who have banded themselves together to set out for the latter-day





THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: GUN OF FIELD BATTERY, ROYAL ARTILLERY, TRAVERSING A ROCKY CAUSEWAY ON THE EAST BANK OF PANJKORA RIVER.  
 From a Photograph by Major C. A. Anderson, in Command of the 10th Field Battery, Royal Artillery.



THE NEW GERMAN MILITARY BALLOON TESTED NEAR BERLIN.  
 From a Sketch by Mr. Hosang.



## THE LATE J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

Few painters of the past or present time can point to so long a connection with their art as the late Mr. Burgess, whose death last week (Nov. 12) deprived the Royal Academy of one of its most popular members. Three generations of the family attained sufficient notice among their contemporaries to preserve the memory at least of their names; but their heir in the fourth generation was the only one who left behind him works which will survive his life, although a member of the family had been represented at the Royal Academy since its foundation. Thomas Burgess, who lived in the middle of the last century, learnt and taught his art at the St. Martin's Lane Academy, and it was here that Gainsborough came in 1742, a lad of fifteen, from his quiet home at Sudbury. Thomas Burgess after a while left St. Martin's Lane and set up a rival Academy in Maiden Lane, which his son, William Burgess, a painter of portraits and conversation pieces, continued up to his death in 1799. His son, H. W. Burgess, who subsequently became landscape painter to William IV., began exhibiting in 1809, and continued to do so until 1844. He lived in Chelsea, and it was there that John B. Burgess was born in 1830. When he reached boyhood's estate, he was sent to Brompton School, which was enjoying, under Dr. Mortimer, a brief period of distinction. He remained there longer than most boys bent upon becoming artists, but at length he was allowed to enter the drawing-classes at Leigh's studio in Newman Street, where he had among his fellow-students Calderon and Edwin Long. In due course he was entered at the Academy Schools, and left them with the reputation of being a promising painter from the life. And it was therefore not surprising that he at once began to paint portraits—his first work at the Royal Academy being exhibited in 1850. Unfortunately the supply of paying models, in the form of patrons, was soon exhausted, although in this line Burgess's pleasant manners and family connections had given him a better start than falls to the lot of most young men. Portrait-painting, however, had had one good result, for it made Burgess dissatisfied with the wooden dolls which did duty for men and women in the subject pictures of the day. By good fortune he was, in company with Edwin Long, brought under the influence of John

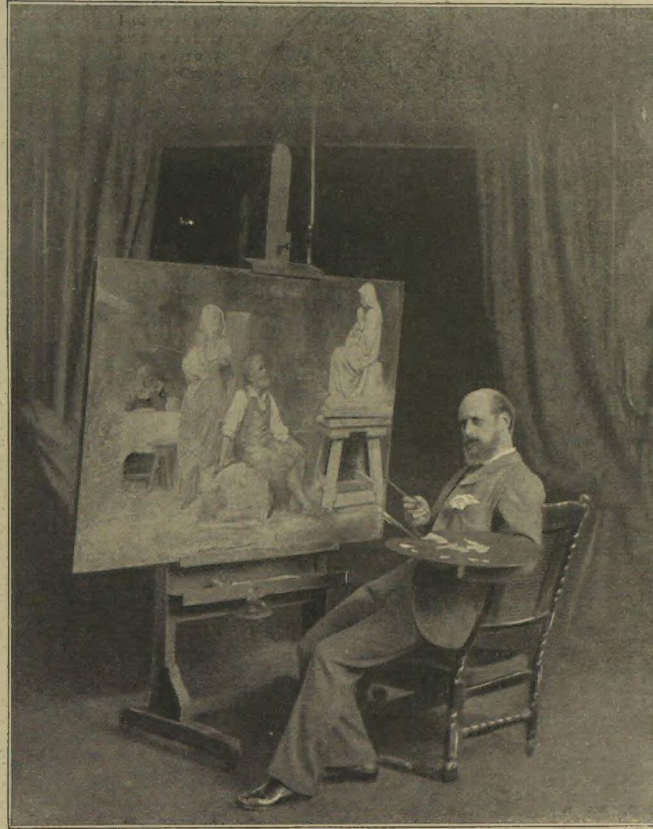


Photo Ralph Robinson, Bethill.

THE LATE JOHN BAGNOLD BURGESS, R.A.

Phillip, whose strong renderings of Spanish life were then attracting public attention, and showing that the spirit of Sir David Wilkie still survived in the Royal Academy. Burgess was convinced that in Spain he would find not only inspiration but materials for his work, and by the advice of Phillip settled in Seville. His attractive ways,

appreciate work widely different from his own, and few artists of his age and position have been more ready to hail the advent of new talent. The recent founding of a club for young artists found in him a ready patron. Not in art circles alone, however, but in all classes of the society that knew him his memory will long be held in honour.

his genial spirits, and refined manners brought him into friendly relations with people of all classes in the capital of Andalusia. He got to know his surroundings before he attempted to paint them, with the result that when, in 1863, his "Bravo, Toro!" was exhibited at the Royal Academy the general verdict was that an artist of no little power had, after years of patient work, sprung into the front rank. Year after year Burgess returned to spend the autumn in Spain, bringing back, for each exhibition of the Academy, paintings in which the same careful knowledge of Spanish life and its surroundings was displayed. He never allowed his brush to deal in mawkish sentiment—the lemonade-sellers and flower-girls, the village priests and the city barbers, served as his models. He could paint Salamanca students, laughing Señoritas, and jovial Padres—in fact, the healthy side of life—with good taste as well as with excellent humour; and his work was always distinguished by careful finish and rich but subdued colouring. In 1877 he was elected an Associate, and twelve years later he became a full Academician. Among the most noteworthy pictures may be mentioned "Stolen by Gipsies" (1868), "Kissing Relics" (1869), "The Barber's Prodigy" (1875), "Licensing Beggars" (1877), "Mendicant Students" (1883), "The Lemonade-Sellers" (1886), "Rehearsing the Miserere" (1894). Burgess will probably never take rank among the greater painters of the Victorian period, but he will sustain an honourable place among those who depicted life as it was in his day, and his pictures will have a special value for those who appreciate features of Spanish life which are rapidly disappearing.

In real life Mr. Burgess owned a personal popularity such as falls to the lot of comparatively few men. It would be hard to name a Royal Academician more esteemed as a man by his fellow-members, or one whose death would be the occasion of more widespread regret in artistic circles generally. To great natural charm of manner Mr. Burgess added a catholicity of taste which enabled him to



"SCHOOL."

From the Picture by the late J. B. Burgess, R.A.—Published by Permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co.



## PERSONAL.

The Sultan has learned to his cost that he must not presume to argue the Armenian question with one of the great Continental Powers, though he may argue it successfully with the whole Concert. The Turkish authorities of the port of Mersina took it upon themselves to expel the agent of the Austrian Lloyds Company, chiefly on the ground that he had helped Armenians to escape on the company's steamers. The Austrian Government intimated to the Sultan that Mersina would be bombarded and Baron von Calice withdrawn from Constantinople if this insult to an Austrian subject were condoned. In a great fright, the Sultan has dismissed the peccant officials of Mersina. So when one Power chooses to coerce Abdul Hamid, the business is promptly successful, though coercion by all Europe combined is gravely declared to be impossible.

Mr. Cunningham Graham is imprisoned somewhere in the Atlas Mountains by the Sultan of Morocco. He has written an amusing letter, suggesting that the Turkish fleet should come to his assistance, and assuring the English public that nothing will induce him to abjure his religious faith at the bidding of his Moslem captor. If Mr. Graham could introduce a little humour into the Sultan of Morocco, he would perform a civilising mission of great value.

Lord Lovat is still Lord Lovat, for Lord Low in the Court of Session decided on Nov. 16 that Mr. John Fraser,



Photo D. Whyte, Inverness.  
LORD LOVAT.

of the United Kingdom, and it is from him that the present peer descends. The present claimant, whose claim was quashed by the House of Lords in 1885, declares that he is descended from Alexander (the elder brother of the beheaded Simon), who worked in Wales as a miner; that thus Simon should never have been Lord Lovat at all, and that the present peer has no status as regards the Scottish title. But it was argued, on the other side that Alexander was really the illegitimate son, and not the brother, of Simon. At any rate, the Court of Session has decreed that Lord Lovat's titles in every way hold good by prescription.

The death from rheumatic fever of Mr. Henry Herbert Wainwright, at the early age of thirty-six, is announced from Blackpool. Mr. Wainwright, who was the son of the Vicar of Christ Church, Blackpool, had sought unsuccessfully for Parliamentary honours in Burnley, in Barrow-in-Furness, and in South Shields; but he discharged with great ability and diligence a post of usefulness to his party—that of County Treasurer of the National Union of Conservative Associations.



Photo Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE MR. H. H. WAINWRIGHT.

Londesborough Park, Yorkshire, where Lord Londesborough has been entertaining a shooting-party, once belonged to the Cavendishes; but was sold by the Duke of Devonshire who had spent a fortune on the building of Chatsworth. Mr. George Hudson, the first of a now commoner dynasty of ruling millionaires, was the purchaser, and the price for the estate was only a few thousands short of half a million. On the downfall of the Railway King, the fine property was bought by Lord Albert Conyngham, shortly afterwards created Lord Londesborough.

The Marquis of Huntly, as chief of the Clan Gordon, has appropriately taken advantage of the Dargai charge to plead the cause of the Gordon Highlanders. After the Afghan campaign of 1879-80, the county and city of Aberdeen instituted a fund for the benefit chiefly of the wives, widows, and children of the regiment. Since that date, however, the 75th Regiment has been linked to the 92nd, for whom the fund was raised, and it is the old 75th which distinguished itself at Dargai. Therefore (says Lord Huntly) let us raise a supplementary fund. The scheme is an admirable one and deserves wide support, especially of all northern Scots scattered over the world. The treasurers of the fund are Messrs. Chalmers, Golden Square, Aberdeen, who themselves represent one of the oldest Scotch families.

At Gunton Old Hall, Lowestoft, Sir William James Montgomery Cunningham, Bart., V.C., died on Thursday last week. The only son of the eighth Baronet, he was born in 1834, was educated at Harrow, and entered the army in 1853. Two years later he was appointed Captain in the Rifle Brigade, with the 1st Battalion of which he fought at Alma, Inkerman, and Balaclava, as well as at Sebastopol, where he won the Victoria Cross and also a special commendation in the French general orders. In 1867 he retired from the Rifle



Photo Moutill and Fox.  
THE LATE SIR WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM, V.C.

Brigade as a Major, and henceforth took much interest in Volunteering, being Colonel commanding the Glasgow Infantry Volunteer Brigade for many years. From 1874 till 1880 he sat in Parliament for the Ayr district. The late Baronet (who succeeded to the family honours in 1870) was one of the claimants to the dormant Earldom of Glencairn. He married, in 1869, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. E. Hartopp, and is succeeded in the baronetcy by his son, Thomas Andrew Alexander Cunningham, born in 1877, and educated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

Princess Louise, who is now in Dumbartonshire, has designed some of the decorations for the new inn which Lord Lorne is building at Roseneath.

Lieutenant Cecil Ferrier Giffard, who lost his life while serving with the Northamptonshire Regiment in the

Indian Frontier War, was not yet thirty years of age. His father, Mr. Andrew Giffard, was drowned, together with his brother and two friends, off the Island of Sark in 1868, almost simultaneously with the birth of his son. Brought up in the Channel Islands, and always devoted to outdoor life, he enjoyed the duty in India to which he had latterly been devoted. Even when at home for his holidays, he prosecuted his military and other studies, obtaining certificates for veterinary knowledge and for advanced survey and fortification. His popularity in his native island of Guernsey was great; and the whole country has now to deplore the loss of an able young officer, for whom his friends and his superiors alike prophesied a brilliant career.

Madame Evatimo Tardo is the latest physiological wonder. She is insensible to physical pain. Cuts do not hurt her, and she need not bleed unless she likes. The evolutionists should keep an eye on this lady, for here, surely, is one of the most notable of the "variations" which, as Darwin showed, have done so much for the development of species. If Madame Tardo can perpetuate her peculiarities, some future German Emperor may eventually have an army superior to wounds. William II. ought to look into this at once.

Last July, at Malakand, a deed of great daring was done by Lieutenant Costello, of the Indian Staff Corps, who sallied out from the hospital enclosure to the rescue of a wounded lance-havildar, who lay sixty yards away on open ground, swept by bullets from friend and foe, and overrun by the swordsmen of the enemy. For this act of bravery the young Lieutenant has received the Victoria Cross. The son of Surgeon-Colonel Charles Costello, formerly of the Indian Medical Service, the new Victoria Cross man was educated at



Photo London Stereoscopic Co.  
LIEUTENANT G. W. COSTELLO, V.C.

Beaumont College, Old Windsor, and at Stonyhurst College. He entered the army in 1892, and passed into the 2nd Punjab Infantry in 1894.

Dr. Thomas Evans, who has died in Paris, was the most famous of dentists. A Philadelphian Quaker, he settled in

Paris in 1848, and was attached to the imperial household as soon as Napoleon III. was established on the throne. Dr. Evans combined dentistry and diplomacy, and acted as a confidential agent of the Empire in more than one European capital. His personality is to be found under various disguises in many French novels of the Second Empire, though it is probably unjust to suppose that he is the Dr. Jenkins of Alphonse Daudet's mordant satire, "Le Nabab." It was Dr. Evans who was chiefly instrumental in assisting the Empress Eugénie to escape from Paris after the 4th of September, 1870. She took refuge that night in his house, and was smuggled away to the coast next day.

Deptford has elected Mr. Arthur Morton, the Unionist candidate, to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of Mr. Darling to the Bench. The Unionist majority was 324; at the election in 1895 it was 1229. Mr. Morton, who enters the House of Commons for the first time, was born in 1836, is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and from 1872 to 1886 was Head Master of Farnborough School. He is a member of the London County Council, and was an unsuccessful candidate in the East Leeds election in 1892, and in North Manchester in 1895.

The vacancy in the Parliamentary representation of the Exchange Division of Liverpool, caused by the promotion of Mr. Bigham, Q.C., to the Judicial Bench, led to a hot and close fight, in which Mr. Charles McArthur, the Conservative candidate, defeated his Liberal opponent, Mr. Russell Rea, by only fifty-four votes. Mr. McArthur is by profession an average-adjuster; he has served as President of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce; he is a member of the Executive Council of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Laws of Nations; and is the author of several important works on Marine Insurance.



Photo Burraud.  
MR. CHARLES MCARTHUR, M.P.

An admirable portrait of Mr. George Meredith has just been painted for Mr. J. M. Barrie by Miss A. G. Draper, who, by the way, has pictured both Mr. Barrie and his wife. Miss Draper got only two sittings for the picture, but she made a great deal of her opportunities. Mr. G. F. Watts's portrait and Mr. Hollier's photograph of Mr. Meredith show him in somewhat formal mood. In Miss Draper's work there is not a suggestion of formality. Mr. Meredith is found sitting in a low easy-chair in his own room at Boxhill, with a newspaper in his leonine hand and a revolving rack of books at his elbow. His head is brought out with fine effect, and there is a sweetness in the expression that one has not hitherto associated with Mr. Meredith as shown in former portraits. Though he is in repose, his alert intelligence is shown very cleverly by the look Miss Draper has managed to give his fine eyes. The portrait will not be reproduced.

Major H. M. Sidney, who was killed in the recent action at Abu Hamed between General Hunter's column and the Dervishes, was a young officer who had seen a good deal of active service and had obtained promotion with exceptional rapidity. Gazetted in 1883 to the second battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, he served with that corps—of which he was afterwards the Adjutant—in the Nile Expedition of 1884-85. In 1890 he applied for employment with the Egyptian Army, and in the following year took part in the campaign from Suakim that resulted in the capture of Tokar, when he was granted the Medjidieh. Last autumn he took part in the Dongola Expedition, being mentioned in despatches by the Sirdar after the battle of Firket, and having previously, in the spring of the year, distinguished himself by defeating, with a small force under his command, a large body of Dervishes near the old battle-ground of Tokar. His death at Abu Hamed was, according to an eye-witness, due in some degree, perhaps, to his making himself a very conspicuous object to the enemy, owing to his resolution in carrying out a favourite theory that British officers, when leading the native troops in an engagement, should remain mounted. "It is, I know," he said to a brother-officer shortly before going into action, "all wrong by the book, but the men like it, and will follow better." Major Sidney was a proficient scholar in Arabic, in which he had qualified to act as an interpreter. He was educated, before entering Sandhurst, at Wellington College, where he won a scholarship.



Photo Devereux, Hove.  
THE LATE MAJOR H. M. SIDNEY.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children, arrived at Windsor Castle on Saturday morning at nine o'clock, having left Balmoral on Friday afternoon and travelled by railway from Ballater; stopping at Aberdeen, she was greeted by the Lord Provost and magistrates of that city; at Perth, where she dined, the Marquis of Breadalbane received her Majesty. The distance from Ballater to Windsor is 589 miles, which was accomplished in seventeen hours and a quarter. The Queen stays at Windsor until the middle of December, and will then go to Osborne.

The Princess of Wales has placed herself as the head patroness of a benevolent fund to relieve the distress caused by an epidemic of typhoid fever at Lynn Regis.

A Cabinet Council of her Majesty's Ministers was held on Saturday at the Foreign Office. The Marquis of Salisbury presided.

The Queen has sent a telegram to Lord Elgin, Viceroy of India, expressing her admiration of the heroism displayed both by the British and native troops in the war on the North-West Frontier, and her distress at the losses they have recently sustained, referring also to the loss of an officer and thirty-five men of the Maharajah of Kapurthala's regiment of infantry with the Kurram column on Nov. 7.

The annual banquets simultaneously held at Bristol on Saturday by the Dolphin Society and the Colston Society, trustees of old local charities in that city, were made, as usual, the occasion for political speeches, the Dolphin audience being esteemed Conservatives, and the Colston inclined to the Liberal party. The former, with the Duke of Beaufort in the chair, were addressed by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, M.P. for Bristol, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and by the President of the Board of Agriculture, Mr. Walter Long. Meanwhile, at the Colston dinner Lord Reay and several other gentlemen spoke on the Liberal side.

The Conservative party has likewise been active. On Nov. 10 at Acton, in Middlesex, Lord George Hamilton, M.P. for the county division, Secretary of State for India, made a speech at the Priory Constitutional Club. On Monday began in London the proceedings of the yearly conference of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations and Clubs, now including fifteen hundred local associations, situated in ten divisions of England and Wales. The Earl of Cadogan is President for this year, but the Earl of Derby occupied the chair at these meetings. There was first a reception at the Hotel Cecil and other places on Monday evening. The discussions on Tuesday and Wednesday, upon various topics of legislative and administrative policy, have taken place in St. James's Hall. There was a great public meeting in the Royal Albert Hall on Tuesday evening, at which Lord Salisbury made a speech; and all the Ministers were invited to a luncheon at the Holborn Restaurant on Wednesday. The Association of Conservative Election Agents, and the

arising caused it to be postponed. A meeting of representatives of both sides, to arrange for the conference, took place at the Westminster Palace Hotel on Wednesday.

Lord Esher, on his retirement from the judicial office of Master of the Rolls, took his farewell of the Bench and the Bar on Monday, in the Court of the Lord Chief Justice, before a large assembly. The Attorney-General addressed

passengers, both on top and inside, were severely injured, and one gentleman had his leg broken; others were badly cut with the glass of the windows, or bruised and shaken. They were treated by the surgeons at St. Mary's Hospital.

A noticeable event in American politics is the presence of two Canadian Government Commissioners—Sir Wilfrid



BALAKLAVA, OCTOBER 25, 1854: THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

Reduced from the large Coloured Plate presented with "Holly Leaves," the Christmas Number of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News."

his Lordship, testifying the esteem with which he is regarded by the legal profession; and Lord Esher made a suitable reply.

The new Lord Mayor of London, Alderman and Colonel Davies, M.P., presided on Tuesday, for the first time, at the Court of Aldermen in Guildhall.

The boilermakers and iron shipbuilding workmen in London, who had struck without the sanction of their trade union, have returned to work.

The London School Board has got its budget estimate of expenditure for the half-year to end on March 25, 1898, the total being £1,308,000, which is £76,750 more than the expenditure in the half-year that ended on Sept. 29; but

Laurier and Sir Louis Davies—at Washington, for preliminary tentative negotiations with the United States Government with a view to commercial treaties upon terms of reciprocal advantage.

The English cricket team, headed by Mr. Stoddart, finished their match at Melbourne on Nov. 10, defeating the eleven of the Colony of Victoria by two wickets. They began on Friday to play at Sydney against the New South Wales team, and on Monday closed their first innings with a score of 335, twenty-four ahead of their opponents, whom they subsequently defeated by eight wickets.

In South Africa the festivities at Bulawayo, Rhodesia, on the opening of the railway, concluded on Nov. 10 with a farewell banquet given to the visitors. Sir W. Hely-Hutchinson, Governor of Natal, and the Duke of Roxburghe, Earl Grey, Sir Richard Martin, and Mr. Lawley, the Administrator for the British South Africa Company, Colonel Sanderson, M.P., Mr. W. H. Fisher, M.P., Mr. J. M. Paulton, M.P., and Mr. H. M. Stanley were among the speakers. The Governor of the Cape Colony, Sir Alfred Milner, has gone on to Fort Victoria and Salisbury, in Mashonaland, where he will meet Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

## TWO CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

As already announced in our columns, the Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News* will be published on Nov. 22. Modesty forbids us to describe it in the eulogistic terms which we hope that it will win from those staunch friends of its forbears, the public, but we take this opportunity of publishing a "picture in title" of the large coloured plate which forms its supplement. The old-world charm of Mr. Lomax's work is well known, and in his "Story of the Elopement" his hand has lost none of its cunning. The literary contents of the number include complete stories by Flora Annie Steel, Bret Harte, Max Pemberton, Grant Allen, and Sir Walter Besant, and the whole is profusely illustrated, with many pages printed in colours, by R. Caton Woodville, R.I., Lucien Davis, R.I., R. Sauber, Wal Paget, A. Forester, and other well-known artists.

The other plate here reproduced is a miniature of Mr. R. Caton Woodville's famous picture of Balaklava, which forms the coloured supplement of "Holly Leaves," the seasonally named Christmas Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. "Holly Leaves" is conservative alike in its title, its glowing colour, and its wealth of readable letterpress and striking illustrations. This year its stories are from the pens of F. W. Robinson, Florence Warden, Finch Mason, Archie Armstrong, Mrs. Conney, Nat Gould, and other popular writers, and its numerous full-page illustrations include two new pictures by Mr. S. E. Waller, to mention but one among the many artists of repute who combine to make up a remarkably attractive number.



THE STORY OF THE ELOPEMENT.—BY J. A. LOMAX.

Reduced from the large Coloured Plate presented with the Christmas Number of "The Illustrated London News."

Grand Council of the Primrose League, also held their meetings on Monday.

A preliminary conference of two representatives, on each side, of the opposite parties in the engineering trade labour dispute, the Amalgamated Society of Working Engineers and the Employers' Federation, was to have been held on Monday afternoon at the offices of the Board of Trade, upon the basis of Mr. Ritchie's suggestions; but difficulties

with an increase of the rateable valuation, and with a small addition of income from grants and other sources, the rate for the current half-year will be a trifle below that imposed for the corresponding part of last year.

A frightful accident took place in Praed Street, Bayswater, between eleven and twelve o'clock on Saturday night. An omnibus, driving fast round the corner to Eastbourne Terrace, was overturned. Some of the



## THE RISING IN NORTH BORNEO.

The latest disturbance in territory which acknowledges the British flag is reported from Borneo, from the district commonly known as British North Borneo, but more correctly to be described as the independent State of North Borneo, maintained under the protectorate of England and administered by the British North Borneo Company, with the directors of which rests the appointment of the governor of the country. It seems that the disaffected leader, Mat Salleh, who has lately been giving a good deal of trouble to the authorities, led a force of some sixty or more of his rebel followers against the trading station of Ambong, situated on the coast. It will be remembered that this troublesome Borneo adventurer not very long since made a daring attack upon the town of Gaya, another seaboard station of importance. On that occasion, however, he fled inland before the force told off by the British North Borneo Company to punish his insurrection. For a time but little was heard of Mat Salleh.

It was known that he was still at work stirring up sedition, but the authorities had no reason to fear any seriously organised rebellion among the natives. Early on the morning of Nov. 13, however, Mat Salleh made his reappearance on the coast at the head of a force numbering about three-score men, and made a most determined attack upon the town of Ambong, some distance north of the scene of his last escapade. The garrison in the town consisted of but two officers and three men of the North Borneo Company's police, but these five soldiers made a

splendid stand, though outnumbered by more than ten to one, and held the position against the insurgents for some time. At last, however, even the true British pluck evinced by this handful of men was of no further avail for the reason that their ammunition gave out, and they were obliged to beat a retreat, still in the night attire in which the enemy's sudden attack had found them. Mat Salleh and his rabble thereupon proceeded to fire the British Residency, a new building, and its surrounding cluster of houses, and after doing other damage to the settlement



GROUP OF BORNEO NATIVES IN A JUNGLE.

retired into the jungle. A punitive expedition of North Borneo Police has been despatched from Sandakan in pursuit of the turbulent Mat Salleh, and by the time these lines appear his insolence will probably have found its reward, unless he succeeds in evading his pursuers awhile through superior knowledge of the mountain fastnesses of the country.

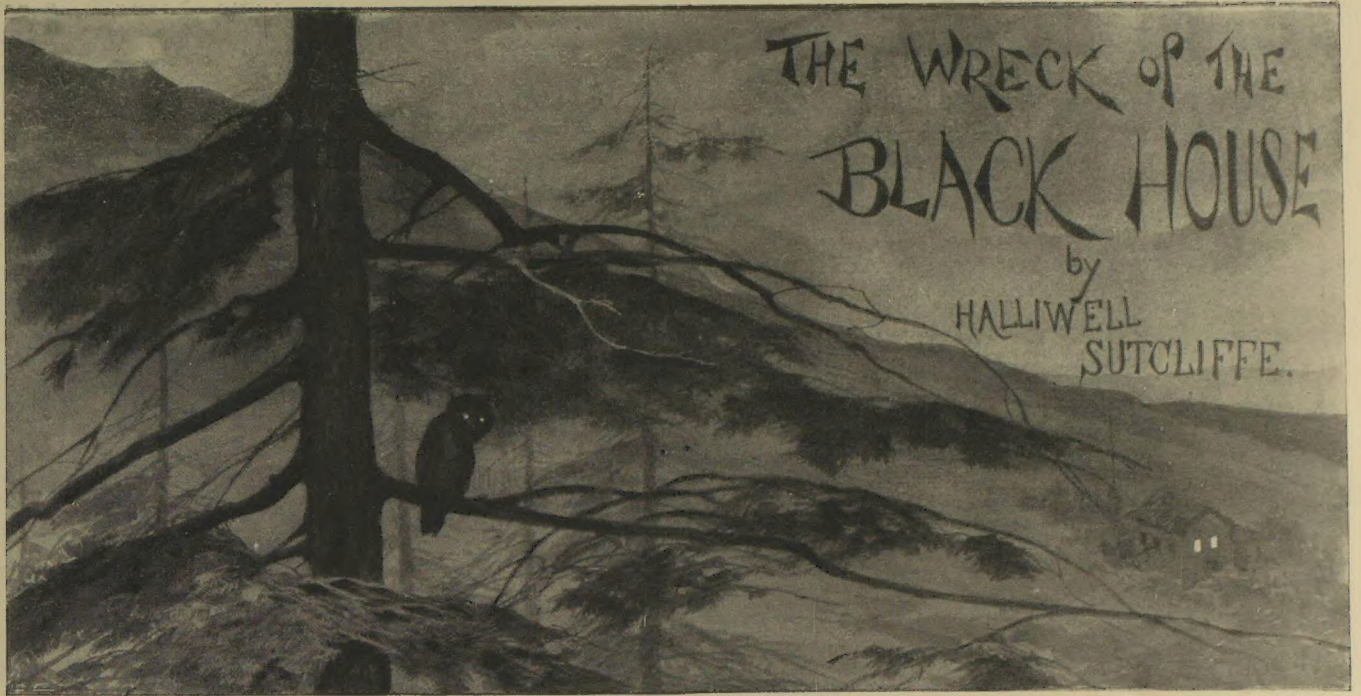
The "revolting Baronets" are still concocting schemes for the redress of their wrongs. They have not forgiven the decree which gives the children of legal life peers precedence over them, and they contend that this is a violation of the pledges made when the baronetage was instituted by James I. As James sold baronetcies for a thousand pounds apiece, his pledges do not carry any great moral weight. But whatever the justice of their case, the discontented Baronets are not likely to enjoy popular commiseration.

M. Le Myre Vilers, who has played an important part in French colonial politics in Siam and Madagascar, has some quaint ideas of British statesmanship. He says that if England had declared war against France in 1893, she might have destroyed the French fleet and seized half the French colonies. For some reason Lord Rosebery allowed this golden opportunity to slip, and now France, backed by Russia, can defy us. The fact that such a piece of brigandage never even suggested itself to Lord Rosebery or any other Englishman is doubtless incomprehensible to M. Le Myre Vilers. He ought to have lived in the days of Elizabeth, when buccaneering was a branch of statecraft.



BARRACKS AT SANDAKAN, THE CAPITAL OF BRITISH NORTH BORNEO.





# THE WRECK OF THE BLACK HOUSE

by  
HALLIWELL  
SUTCLIFFE.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

THEY say that women never confess such matters as are really vital to their lives. But we moorfolk are different, and when we love a man, we care not if the whole world know it. Long before Phil Heaton saved me from Cunliffe of the Black House, I was his for the asking, if only he had had the wit to see it; and after that swift battle on the moors he plucked up heart, as you know, to tell me what must have been from the very start. And the days went softly, like the west wind piping through the heather-bells, until autumn had withered the bracken, and the sheep began to sorrow on the upland pastures, and the last of the aftermath was gathered in.

Then the rains came. The moorland streams swelled to rivers, the brooks to torrents. There was no sound, all about Marshcotes and Ling Crag, but the sighing of the wet south wind, the plash of weighted raindrops. The grouse kept silence under the dripping heather; the very cows in the mistal mooded fitfully, as if the shadow of disaster lay over fell and valley.

But I was with Phil, and thought little of the wrath of cloud-packed skies. Father left us to it in the ingle-nook after supper, and I sat at his knee, and there were brave plans for the future we were to spend together. The clock of Marshcotes Parish Church was chiming eleven when he left; that is late for us who have to be up betimes, especially with the new farm-wench to look after, and the roan cow's calf but two weeks old.

We said "Good-night" at the door. The wind railed down from the rise above Sear Hall, and whimpered at the windows.

"Good-bye, Janet," said Phil, as he swung into the saddle. "It still blows for rain, sweetheart, but we've sun enough of our own to last the wild weather through."

"Sun enough of our own," I repeated, reaching down his rough head for a last kiss.

And the first rain-drops fell, and I never guessed that before the dawn I should be racing down Dene Valley for Phil's life—for Phil's life, because it was my own.

I bolted the door and crept up softly to bed. Father had been between the sheets this half-hour past; I could hear the farm-hands snoring as I stopped at the foot of the attic steps before going on to my room, that overlooked the north side of Ling Crag Moor.

Like a cradle song was the piping of the wind; like the foot-beat that rocks the cradle was the splash-plash of the gathering rain. I slept as women sleep who have good life and a true man before them; and I dreamed of gorse-fringed marshes and the calls of mating grouse.

Suddenly I woke. In the house was stillness, and the dark that can be felt. From far up the valley that hides Sear Hall from the worst of the tempest came a sullen thunder. I know not what fancy seized me, but it seemed that Phil was in peril. Shivering, I slipped into my clothes, and down the cold stairway, and so out into the driving rain. Far up

the valley there still sounded that dull, persistent roar. It was pitiless, evil; it made the flesh creep about my bones, and my hair stand straight and stiff from the scalp.

*Phil is in peril; Phil is in peril; go to him.* There was no gainsaying the whisper at my ear; nay, it was no whisper, but a shout almost. I ran to the stable and woke up Lassie, my own mare, from a dream of finer oats than

we can afford to give her at Ling Crag. Like a wild thing I saddled her, and leaped to her back, and raced up, up, towards the spot where that pitiless roar came down the Dene. The rain stopped on the sudden. The moon fought hard with the black-bellied wrack, and overcame, and raced like a conquering warrior across the flaky, blue-black sky. I strained my eyes towards Scartop, where the



*I bolted the door and crept up softly to bed.*



Dene climbs up to the moor, and I saw something moving—something wide and black, something that seemed empty as a quarry-pit, yet full as a river at flood. I held my breath, and Lassie whinnied in distress as I brought the curb to bear with sudden fury.

"Lassie, Lassie," I whispered, "the bog has burst again. Phil is asleep down there, right in the track of it. What shall we do?"

But Lassie could do nothing but whimper and turn her sleek head round to me in search of comfort. If Phil was to be saved, I had to do it. Our own house was well out of reach of the flood; but Whins Hall lay lower, two miles below where the Dene valley branches into two: if the flood went down the right-hand branch not a soul in Whins would see another daylight.

The horror of it would not let me move just at first. I sat there, my eyes straining upward to the head of the valley. *Ride hard, ride hard*, said the voice at my heart; but I could not move. Once before Devil's Bog had broken its banks and crept down the Dene, swallowing up the corn-mill and two low-lying farms. Whins Hall had been untouched then, because the bog took the left branch of the valley; but now—God only knew. And God, like the moor, shows always to us a wide immensity at the end of other lives than ours; it is His to watch and brood over things done—but ours to do our utmost.

Yet here was I, whom men counted fearless, sitting motionless on Lassie's back, watching the tide coming nearer, mute with dread for the man I loved too well. The old folks can just remember that other bursting of the Crowhill bog, and they love to tell of it in winter, when the peats are smouldering to an ash and the rushlights gutter in their stands. When Phil and I are old together, perhaps we, too, shall tell a like tale of dread and peril. We have no great floods on the moors; the water drains off overquickly, and finds too many channels for its fury. So I cannot tell if a valley-flood has half the terror of this quiet, persistent bulk of ooze, let loose from the nether darkness to work its will on us. There is no rush, no hurry, about it; all is smooth, restrained, irresistible, and the moon cringes over the surface with a dull, soundless sheen, like sunlight on a dead man's face.

I must have stayed full five minutes at the fork of the valley, gazing at the oncoming force of slime. Then my heart ceased fluttering, and stood still, for I heard the cry of the Sorrowful Woman. Sharp, clear, deep from the soul came that shriek which never sounds unless death is near at hand. Again and again I heard it—eddy among the knolls, dying among the hill-cranies, swelling into unison with the groaning undersounds of the oncoming bog. She died in travail, the Sorrowful Woman, two centuries ago, in the wildest part of the snow-shriven moor; and to-day she walks in sadness, foretelling the living of their doom.

Quick came the thought, Is it Phil she means? With that I braced myself and pulled cruelly at Lassie's mouth to turn her round. One look back, and I saw that the bog had turned the corner and was bending straight for Whins Hall. Its pace was not more than that of Lassie's canter, but there was no footway for a horse except by the winding highroad. Lassie and I had a good three miles to travel, to the bog's one, if Phil were to be saved.

Thought had stopped now. Lassie was racing like a stiff North-Western, and my eyes were set on the turn of the road that should show us Whins Hall. The mutter of the bog was drowned by the flinty beat of the mare's hoofs on the highway; the dirge of the Sorrowful Woman was lost in the present need of effort.

At last! We had rounded the corner, and the moon, free of clouds now and three-quarters full, showed the Whins chimney-stacks against the indigo sky. We passed a man, walking hurriedly in the other direction; I scarcely noticed him until he raised a shout—

"Janet! What are you doing here, child?"

I brought Lassie on to her haunches, and slipped from the saddle, and before I knew what had happened I was sobbing against Phil's shoulder.

"What are you doing, Janet?" he repeated, with a touch of sternness in his voice that set me crying afresh.

And then he petted me as if I had been a baby; and I grew ashamed, and leaned against Lassie's neck, and laughed a little, in a breathless way.

"I—I came to tell you, Phil, that the bog has burst. I was afraid you would be drowned. Look at Lassie; she will tell you how hard we have ridden to save you."

So Phil said nothing at all, as his way is; but he crushed me tight in his arms, and he kissed me more than I deserved, considering the little I had done for his sake.

And I knew that all was very well between us. God pity the loverless women!

"I heard it a little while ago," he said at last. "I was coming from the stables, and in among the wind-beats sounded the roar of the water. I could not understand it at first, and then I remembered Crowhill Wake, fifty years ago. I was running to see what could be done when I met you."

I lifted my face and looked Phil between the eyes. I had remembered something.

"The Black House lies down below there," I said very slowly.

Phil brought his shaggy brows together and tightened his mouth. Ah, he could hate like a man, this lover of mine, and I loved him the better for it. He glanced down the valley, and I knew he was thinking of Cunliffe's end; but his face never softened one whit, and his eyes were sombre as the bog itself.

"Cunliffe of the Black House has had one life at our hands; he shall not have a second. Let the beast drown."

But my woman's sense made against Phil's harshness, even while I loved him for it. There should be no stain on us of that kind; Cunliffe must be saved. I crept close up to Phil, and, with his face in my hands, explained all this to him. His face grew darker, then lifted suddenly.

"All right, Janet," he cried, with a bitter laugh. "We'll do our best for the hangman. Cunliffe of the Black House shan't die this time, to cheat the rope."

We had given no ear all this while to the muttering of the flood, but now we turned to look, and Phil raised a shout, and I, too, was glad that old Whins Hall was saved to buffet with fair-fighting winds and rain. I could not have borne to see the old place struck down by such a treacherous foe. Just above Whins Hall, where we were standing—the high road touches the Dene at this point—the valley splits into two again. I had forgotten this when I raced down in terror for Phil's life—forgotten the breakwater of land that ran from bank to bank of the Whins Hall hollow. The bog had swept down the course where it met with least resistance, and Phil's home was safe.

"It would have broken my heart," said Phil, with a catch in his voice.

And I, knowing how we cling to the homes which have bred us, sent up a little thanksgiving that Phil was spared this trouble.

But for the Black House there was no hope.

"Take my stirrup, Phil; there is no time to lose," I cried.

"We shall be too late as it is, but we'll try," he muttered, and clutched the left stirrup.

Down the valley we racketed. Under the beat of Lassie's hoofs I could hear Phil panting as he ran; under all was the wail of the wind, struggling to bring up a fresh army of clouds to war with the scudding moon.

The Black House showed just below us. In broad daylight it looked furrowed and evil as an old hag's face; to-night it seemed a shuddering place of ghosts. Corruption brooded under the eaves, and terror moved voicelessly among the lichened gables. We dashed into the courtyard, waking the dogs. Dogs and wind howled in chorus, and up above the stream of ooze was moving steadily forward—forward.

Phil raised a shout, and the dogs barked louder, straining at their chains. Not a light showed in the windows; the Black House was quiet as the sleep that foreruns death. I held my breath and tried to shout too; but my voice could make no headway for thinking of the pitiless bed of slime that must be very near at hand.

A window opened above, and Cunliffe's voice struck harshly into the din.

"Who the devil are you, and what do you want?" he demanded, with a string of ill-timed oaths.

"I'm Heaton of Whins, and I want to save you," answered Phil bluntly.

"Save me from what, you fool?"

"From the bog. It has burst and come down the Dene in search of you." Phil was here on an errand of mercy, but how the old, unconquerable hatred ran in and sharpened his voice!

Cunliffe laughed jeeringly. "Get home to bed, Heaton—you and your woman. Who is she? Why—curse me!—it's Janet! So you've come, the pair of you, to play a joke on me? I wish you joy of your ride, and I hope to Hell you're wet to the skin, you and the woman."

"Yes," said Phil very quietly, "we're wet to the skin, Cunliffe; but you will soon be wet to the heart. Come down while there's time."

"You're drunk," snarled Cunliffe. "Get to bed."

I glanced at Phil, and I saw the muscles working in his face. His voice was terrible. "Listen to me, you fool of the Black House. We cheated Devil's Bog of your carcass once, and now it has come to claim you. It has broken its banks, Cunliffe, for love of you, and I am trying to cheat it again."

Cunliffe moved from the window, and I thought he was coming down. I felt sick and faint now that the strain was over, and stooped to get a grip of Phil's hands. On a sudden something flashed through the air, and Phil started back, and I saw that he was bleeding just above the right temple. Cunliffe was at the window again, laughing evilly; on the ground at Phil's feet lay a heavy pistol.

"Take that for your pains, and thank God I didn't shoot you outright. I'm sleepy; get away home!" roared Cunliffe.

Phil was laughing now; a touch of fight always goes to his head like wine. "It was a bad shot, Cunliffe; you've only grazed me. Try again."

We stood there, we three and Lassie.

The mare fidgeted with fright and impatience. Phil, quiet and grim, looked up at the dark face above him, framed by the deep-browed window. I rocked in the saddle, and wished the end were here, one way or the other. And meanwhile the silent enemy slipped down the valley, nearer and nearer to the Black House.

Phil went to the door and began to kick at the heavy oaken panels. "I've sworn to save you, and save you I will, if I have to carry you down the stairs," he muttered.

But the door would not give. Cunliffe mocked him from the upper window. The wind lost its freshness; a strange, damp odour, as of rotting weeds, struck keen into our nostrils. Round the corners of the house crept two black, sightless streams, and we knew that the bog was on us.

"Get away to the high ground!" yelled Phil. "I'll do my best for Cunliffe."

From the window above came a shriek. I had heard its fellow once before, when Cunliffe of the Black House was up to his armpits in Devil's Bog. He had seen the gathering well of ooze in the courtyard and knew that we had come on no fool's errand.

"Get away, Janet! Do you hear?" thundered Phil.

"And leave you on foot? Is that the kind of woman you love, Phil?"

I felt no sickness now.

"Then get off, and let me have Lassie. She can make her way through three feet or so."

"No, I'll see it through. Away with you, Phil, and watch me save your enemy."

While we were talking, the bolts of the door creaked on their hinges; there was a rattling, and a sound of smothered curses, and finally a cry of agony.

"Heaton! Heaton!" cried Cunliffe from within. "I can't unlock the door. The key has stuck. Oh, curse it!—curse it! I'm fixed like a rat in a trap, and the bog is sneaking over the threshold. Help me, Heaton, for the love of Hell!"

It was horrible. Cunliffe on one side of the sturdy oaken planks, cursing and whimpering; Phil on the other, trying to break the panels. The ooze had reached the dogs in their kennels, too, and they howled without ceasing.

The bog was above Lassie's fetlocks now. In a little while it would be too late to save anyone but ourselves.

"Get out of the upstairs window and climb down the rainpipe," said Phil.

Cunliffe of the Black House was at the window in a moment. He leaned out and glared down at us.

"I daren't risk it, Heaton. I've feared the bog all my life, and I know it means to do for me. Oh, Hell! why did I drink so hard last night? I'm dizzy and sick. There are ghosts all about me, Janet—things that bite and crawl and stink. They've come up from the bog. I knew it would do for me one day."

He looked down on the rising flood, and gathered a kind of courage—enough to make him creep on to the window-sill and grasp the pipe with his hands.

"I've led an evil life, Janet; curse me if I haven't!" he sobbed, rocking from side to side. "The bog will have me, I tell you, and I daren't take a leap into darkness. I should slip, I know I should. Better wait here; if the bog wants me, it can fetch me." He finished with a wild chuckle, and gibbered and mowed in the moonlight.

"Come down; we can't wait a minute longer," said Phil peremptorily.

Cunliffe wavered; and while he plucked up courage, a surly boom-boom sounded down the valley. The ooze was



up to Lassie's knees now. Phil plucked at her bridle, and we struggled to the high ground.

"The lower bank has given way; the bog will cover the chimney-stacks before the night is over," he muttered.

Cunliffe, seeing us struggling through the flood, swung out of the window and down the pipe; he must have lost his hold, for we heard a dumb sort of splash behind us.

"I'm drowning! Come back—Heaton, Janet, come back; it's smothering me!"

But we could not turn back. Phil was tugging at Lassie's bridle, and it was all we could do to win free of the courtyard well. Twice I thought it was all over with us, but the mare struggled desperately. One straining,

been lying under that evil river—and Phil—and I made him hold me very close to make sure that he was safe and above ground.

So Cunliffe of the Black House slept in the place appointed, and it seems idle to remember after all these years that once he nearly wrecked my life.

THE END.

#### ART NOTES.

It is a long time since there has been seen at the Fine Art Society's Gallery a brighter and fresher series of water-colour drawings than those of Mr. H. S. Hopwood.

usually to be seen on these walls. A collection of original documents and autograph letters, some of historical and others of social interest, cannot fail to be attractive, while the manuscripts of several well-known works will enable the world to judge of the comparative fluency and mistrust of themselves with which well-known authors compose. Among the historical letters, those belonging to the Stuarts are interesting as suggesting that the "family" handwriting, which can be clearly traced down to the Cardinal Henry of York, was derived from Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I. Washington's, as might have been expected, is a model of neatness and care; but the late Prince Consort's is very schoolboyish. There are also letters from two saints—



*Cunliffe of the Black House was at the window in a moment. He leaned out and glared down on us.*

plunging effort after a foothold on the hillside, and we were safe.

Behind us we saw Cunliffe's white face above the murk. He was battling towards safe ground. Then he fell, rose again, struggled a few paces further. But the bog rose steadily. He fell again, and sank, and we saw no more of him.

Like folks in a dream we stood and watched. The ooze was up to the top of the doorway now—up to the window-sills of the second storey—up to the gables and the chimney-stacks. The Black House was blotted clean out, and between the shuddering hill-sides moved a level stream, blind and well-nigh dumb, with the moon-rays glinting on its surface.

"There is a God somewhere," said Phil softly.

I looked at him and saw that he had uncovered. And I shuddered to think that Whins Hall might have

Among artists he has already obtained notice, as his election as Associate of the Royal Water Colour Society proves, but to the general public he is scarcely as well known. His series of drawings are, for the most part, sketches of peasant and fisherfolk life in Normandy and Brittany, and he seems to have studied with great care the manners and ways of those neighbouring but wholly dissimilar districts. His interiors of cafés and cottages are marked by original and generally effective illumination, and there is a simple-natured sentiment in such scenes as "Preparing for the First Communion" and "The Village Pardon"; while in such pictures as "A Butter Market at Portoven," or "The Old Breton Chapel," we have a fair measure of Mr. Hopwood's powers as an outdoor painter.

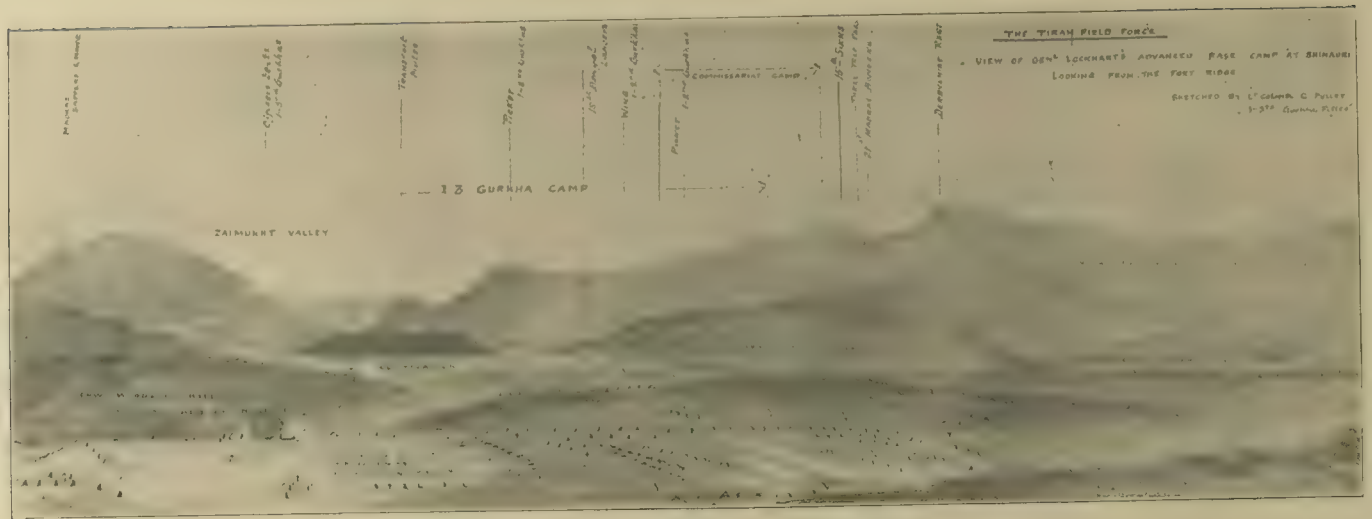
The other exhibition at the same gallery is one of work in "black and white," but of a very different kind from that

St. François de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul—and from divers sinners, English and foreign—from Burns, Scott, Shelley, and from most of the prominent literary and political characters of the present century. For those who cannot purchase them the perusal of these letters will be a source of real pleasure.

To travellers, to antiquarians, and, above all, to artists, "storied windows richly dight" are a source of never-failing interest; but to the great mass of people who are attracted by the beauties of this branch of art, its history is wrapped in mystery. Mr. Lewis F. Day, who can speak with the authority of a craftsman as well as with the enthusiasm of an artist, has endeavoured to supply the necessary guide to works of art at home in his attractive volume "Windows: A Book about Stained and Painted Glass" (London, Batsford).



# THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.



GENERAL SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART'S ADVANCED BASE CAMP AT SHINOWRIE.

Facsimile of a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Pulley, Gurkha Division, Tirah Field Force.

To obtain a complete Panorama of the Position, the Lower of these two Sketches should be placed to the Right of the Upper One, of which it is a direct Continuation.

Lord Emscastle. Major Burney.  
Capt. Stanton, R.A. Lieut. Robertson, R.E. Colonel W. Aitken, R.A. Captain Dick. Sowar Sant Singh. Orderly. Capt. Edwards. Colonel Masters.



Major Wharry. Rev. L. Klugh.

Sir Bindon Blood. Capt. Dunsterville.

Major Blunt, R.E.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR BINDON BLOOD AND THE DIVISIONAL STAFF OF THE MALAKAND FIELD FORCE AT PANJKORA CAMP.

From a Photograph by Major C. A. Anderson, in Command of the 10th Field Battery Royal Artillery.



# THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.

Narik Sukh. The Enemy.

The Enemy.



King's Own Scottish Borderers Supporting the Gurkhas.

THE ACTION AT CHAGRU KOTAL AND NARIK SUKH: THE 1st BATTALION 3RD GURKHAS STORMING THE PASS.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Polley, Gurkha Rifle.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Collected Poems.* By Austin Dobson. With a Portrait. (Kegan Paul.)  
*The Earth Breath and Other Poems.* By A. L. (Lane.)  
*Lyrics.* By John B. Tabb. (Lane.)  
*Minuscule; Lyrics of Nature, Art, and Love.* By Francis William Bourdillon. (Lawrence and Bullen.)  
*Poetical Greetings from the East.* Japanese Poems, from the German Adaptation of Dr. Karl Florensz. By A. Lloyd, M.A. (Sampson Low.)  
*Admirals All.* By Henry Newbolt. "Shilling Garland." (Elkin Mathews.)  
*A Primer of Wordsworth.* By L. Magnus. (Methuen.)  
*Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth.* Edited by W. Knight. Two vols. (Macmillan and Co.)  
*Grant.* By W. Conant Church. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

At long last we have got a collected and selected edition of Mr. Austin Dobson's delightful verses. Till now he has come to us in small editions, such as only the man with a taste for literature thinks of acquiring. The present volume is one that should widen Mr. Dobson's circle far beyond the confines of mere "literary" folk. As befits a writer of such rare delicacy and such exquisite taste in form and fancy, the book is beautifully printed on thin paper, and is wonderfully cheap at the six shillings asked for it. Mr. Dobson has had many imitators. He has had no equal. Others who started well in the same vein have almost invariably regarded their faculty as a pleasant but unprofitable amusement. Mr. Dobson, with rare conscientiousness, has gone steadily on for thirty years, until now he has come to practise his delicate art with a distinction that puts him in a place apart. There are those who seem to regard him as a mere writer of *vers de société*, that may titillate youth, but has no answer for the maturer man. The criticism is too ignorant to be worthy of refutation. Mr. Dobson has tried every mood and every metre. He is at home when addressing the schoolgirl Rose in triplets. He is perfect as the sombre moralist for whom the Dance of Death is pictured in a stately sestina, with a splendid Elizabethan ring about it. For instance, remember the first verse—

He is the despot's Despot. All must bide,  
 Later or soon, the message of his might;  
 Princes and potentates their heads must hide,  
 Touched by the awful sigil of his right;  
 Beside the Kaiser he at eve doth wait  
 And pours a potion in his cup of state;  
 The stately Queen his bidding must obey;  
 No keen-eyed Cardinal shall him affray;  
 And to the Dame that wantoneth he saith—  
 "Let be, Sweetheart, to junket and to play."  
 There is no King more terrible than Death.

For the most part he is gay without becoming foolish; his humour is never heartless; his taste is never amiss. Mr. Dobson and his publishers have to be warmly thanked for this beautiful book. The verse of the season has few things better to offer us.

It is typical of the time that poetry must be administered in small doses, as a gilded pill, for has not the beautiful *Journal* in which the minor singers are being issued a great deal to do with the increased success of this form of literature, hitherto the butt of the passing jibe? Will Bradley's "Wayside Press" (Springfield, Massachusetts) prints A.E.'s latest volume. There is much beauty of a mystical kind in "The Earth Breath," and yet it is scarcely equal to "Homeward Songs of the Way," by which the author became known to the general reader.

Mr. John B. Tabb's verse is inspired with deep religious feeling, and he compresses his pensive thought into something like the epigrammatic form of a Herbert. For instance, take this on God—

I see Thee in the distant blue;  
 But in the Violet's dell of dew  
 Behold, I breathe and touch Thee too.

The whole book is conceived in this vein, and is one that may be turned to at odd moments with keen pleasure by those for whom spiritual meditation in a literary form possesses attraction.

Mr. Bourdillon's work is so excellent of its kind that one is glad to find it in this collected form. There is a certain suspicion of the precious about some of it, and sometimes a curious commonplaceness in the rhymes; but he, too, has caught the art of condensation, though on lines different from Mr. Tabb's point of view. Thus of autumn he sings—

Farewell, delight of lustrous leaves  
 And shining flowers;  
 Many an unseen hand unweaves  
 The royal bowers.  
 Earth's self receives  
 Sullenly the usurping Powers.

The volume of Japanese verse is notable chiefly for its illustrations, which are printed on crepe paper at Tokyo. The book is a singularly beautiful specimen of Japanese art, that strange illusive art that aims at indications of the world around. The colours are especially charming, fleeting wistfully through the type and into the margins. The philosophy of the verse is old and a trifle cynical, like so much folk-song. For example—

Why should'st thou wonder that the stubborn world  
 Should not be ordered as thou would'st have it,  
 When thy weak will hath not sufficient strength  
 To tame thy body?

This, indeed, is a very charming book, beautiful to see and to touch alike, and Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. are to be congratulated on importing it.

Mr. Elkin Mathews has gained considerable renown for his "Shilling Garland" series. His latest author, Mr. Newbolt, though in a style entirely different from those

who have preceded him, maintains the tradition of the series to a great extent in his "Admirals All." At first sight, one is inclined to suppose him a second Kipling, and one Kipling is enough. But his sea-pieces have a zest and run unborrowed from the better-known writer. The last verse of "Drake's Drum" is quite as good as anything Mr. Kipling has done in the same style—

Drake, he's in his hammock till the great Armada's come  
 (Captain, art thou sleepin' there below?),  
 Slung about the round shot, listenin' for the drum,  
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
 Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;  
 Where the old trade's plyin', an' the old flag flyin',  
 They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him  
 long ago!

It may be a question whether we have not been somewhat saturated by ballad-makers of late, for the really good ballad is a most rare production, but any of our readers who wish to feel something of the real sting and thrill of the sea may be recommended to try Mr. Newbolt's shilling's-worth.

The word "primer" as applied in any sense to the work of a poet is not altogether to be denied. Wordsworth himself, however, would probably not have disliked it, but would even have welcomed "A Primer on Wordsworth," written by Mr. Magnus. However that may be, apart from the somewhat unfortunate title, we have read it with the greatest interest. In his essay at the end of the book, the author calls attention to Wordsworth as a teacher, a poet, a priest. It is of little use for critics to say that a poet shall be judged as a poet merely, and not by his influence, his teaching, or his faith. Wordsworth himself said, "I desire to be a teacher, or nothing." Those, then, who would quarrel with Mr. Magnus for laying too great a stress on the teaching or faith of Wordsworth, must extend their quarrel to the poet himself. The fact is, that the author in this "primer" is taking a most justifiable course. There are probably few who can appreciate Wordsworth at his very highest as a poet. It needs an exquisite ear and an intense perception at least to really enjoy the lines quoted by Mr. Magnus for instance—

His daily teachers had been woods and rills,  
 The silence that is in the starry sky,  
 The sleep that is among the quiet hills.

It may safely be asserted that fewer readers can follow Wordsworth into his "holy of holies" than could follow any other poet. This fact must be accepted. At the same time, there is a vast amount in Wordsworth of a building and sustaining nature even to those who cannot appreciate the intensity of beauty which is his. This side of Wordsworth, the invigorating and strengthening influence, apart from his magic verse, Mr. Magnus does well to bring out. It must not be supposed, however, that the author of this book is in any sense didactic or pretensions. For the music and enchantment of Wordsworth's verse he has appreciation to the full, and the passages quoted are invariably characteristic, but we also think that it is not labour thrown away to bring home to the average mind, as Mr. Magnus does, the great fact that this poet—

Laid us as we lay at birth  
 On the cool flowery lap of earth.

To those who wish to know something of the daily life of the same great poet, and of the circle of friends who surrounded him, the "Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth" will be excellent reading. So fastidious a critic as Rogers says: "I do indeed regret that Wordsworth has printed only fragments of his sister's journal; it is most excellent, and ought to have been published entire." Nor shall we agree with Dorothy Wordsworth's description of the journal as being "nothing but notes, unintelligible to anyone but myself." To those who think Wordsworth's poem "Resolution and Independence" one of his best, it is not quite his best; the following extract will be interesting: "N.B.—When William and I returned from accompanying Jones, we met an old man almost double. . . . His trade was to gather leeches, but now leeches were scarce, and he had not strength for it. . . . Leeches were formerly 2s. 6d. per 100; they are now 30s." From this to—

Mighty poets in their misery dead

is a long call. The following sentence is also delightful: "After dinner I worked bread; then came and mended stockings beside William; he fell asleep." But the journals are filled with vivid and accurate pictures of scenery and character, showing that the authoress had something of the poet's eye if she lacked his gift of expression.

At the present moment there may be those who will hardly agree with the following description of the effects of the Civil War on America: "Petulance and nervous dread of foreign criticism gave place to the calm confidence of strength, and with the applause of the world came comparative indifference to the world's approval." However this may be, undoubtedly the struggle brought to light several really great figures, and none perhaps more memorable than Grant. He is an instance of a man gifted with qualities not usually associated with the successful soldier, and yet achieving military success. Possibly, in a manner, he may be compared with Washington in this respect. Magnanimity and unselfishness, an entire lack of personal ambition, are not usually the attributes of great commanders. Or take this singularly fine and prophetic utterance in his inaugural address in 1873: "I do not share in the apprehension held by many as to the danger of Governments becoming weakened and destroyed by reason of their extension of territory. . . . Rather do I believe that our Great Maker is preparing the world, in His own good time, to become one nation, speaking one language, and when armies and navies will be no longer required." That such a man should stand, in the words of General Sherman, "as the typical hero of the great Civil War of America," is one of the most extraordinary facts in history.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

The interesting and well-informed article on Lord Tennyson in the current issue of the *Quarterly Review* was written by Dr. Dabbs, the physician who attended Lord Tennyson in his last illness.

The article in the *Times* dealing with the question of booksellers' discount, which has excited much attention, is believed to have been written by Sir Walter Besant. That article declared emphatically against the scheme of the publishers and booksellers for a prevention of the now popular discount of threepence in the shilling. It would seem, if written by Sir Walter Besant, to fore-shadow the view which will be taken by the Society of Authors. The authors naturally realise that any attempt to increase the price of books will lessen sales.

Twelve thousand copies have already been sold of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's little book, "If I Were God," which Mr. Bowden has published, and there is an American edition as well.

I regret to see that Mr. Arthur Waugh has resigned his position as writer of the London letter in the *New York Critic*. Mr. Waugh has written this literary letter for more than four years, and in it he has always displayed a kindly and generous attitude towards brother-writers. I imagine that his position as literary adviser to Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co.—a position in which it is obvious from a glance at that firm's list that he has been a great success—will have distracted Mr. Waugh from journalism, although I hope it will not prevent him from writing more articles as excellent as one he contributed some time ago to the *New Review* on "Reticence in Literature." Mr. Waugh's interesting biography of Lord Tennyson filled an important gap prior to the publication of the authorised biography.

Messrs. Dent and Co. will shortly remove their premises to the house which, until quite recently, was occupied by Messrs. Macmillan, in Bedford Street, Strand. Messrs. Dent have done such splendid work in publishing classic writers that it would have been hard to find any one more fitting to carry on the traditions which must always be associated with the Macmillans' old building in Bedford Street, a house which in its day has been visited by all the famous men in literature.

Authors are surely somewhat ill-advised to inscribe their names in books which they present to friends. There is always something pathetic in the after years when the library of "a gentleman deceased" comes to be disposed of. Of course, if a man is asked for an inscription he can scarcely withhold it; but, as I say, it is pathetic in any case when years have flown. Here, for example, in the catalogue of A. Maurice and Co., of Bedford Street, Covent Garden, is a copy of Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma," with an inscription as follows: "To Charles Myhill, in remembrance of his helpful and amiable companionship of several years. From Matthew Arnold. April 1886."

The many friends of Mr. Richard Ashe King will be glad to congratulate him on his approaching marriage to Miss Jacob, the daughter of General Jacob, of Tavistock. Mr. King is well known as the author of "Love the Debt," "The Wearing of the Green," and other novels. He is also the talented literary critic of *Truth*, where he writes under the signature of "Desmond O'Brien."

The *Literary World* calls in question the statement that Mr. J. M. Barrie was "discovered" by the *St. James's Gazette*. Mr. Barrie, at any rate, makes no secret of that being the case. He had written earlier in a Scottish paper, it is true, but the first editor to give him the encouragement which makes a writer feel that he has possibilities and a future was Mr. Frederick Greenwood, and Mr. Barrie has given a sufficient recognition of that in dedicating one of his books to the distinguished editor.

I was quite disappointed at not seeing Mr. Greenwood and Dr. Robertson Nicoll—the two men who helped Mr. Barrie so largely at the beginning of his career—at the first-night performance of "The Little Minister" at the Haymarket Theatre. The stalls of the house on a first night, however, are not at the disposal of the dramatic author, however eminent; they are entirely arranged for by the manager. But Mr. Frederick Harrison, the manager of the Haymarket, has so much tact and so much interest in literature that I am sure he would have been very glad to send them seats had he quite realised the influence of Mr. Frederick Greenwood—perhaps the most eminent of living journalists—in affecting Mr. Barrie's career, and of Dr. Nicoll—scarcely less eminent—in persuading Mr. Barrie to the publication of those early sketches in the *St. James's*, and thus setting him on the high road to fame.

I do not in the least believe that writers are so self-contained that their work must always be given to the world, whether they will or not. I am all but sure that George Eliot would never have written a novel but for the encouragement of Mr. G. H. Lewes, and it is even more probable that so sensitive and retiring a man as Mr. Barrie would never have given us that row of beautiful books, of which we are all so proud to-day, had it not been for the early encouragement of Mr. Greenwood and Dr. Nicoll.

There is no truth whatever in a recent rumour which has been put into print to the effect that Mr. Massingham is about to resign the editorship of the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Massingham, whose relations with the proprietors of his great journal have been those of the most uninterrupted friendliness ever since his association with them, so far from any thoughts of retirement, is bristling with ideas for the further improvement of the world—as becomes an enthusiastic democrat. Mr. Massingham, by the way, has recently had some pleasant chats with Mr. Swinburne. One is glad to know that the distinguished poet continues in the best of health. Mr. Swinburne is an eager reader of the daily newspapers. C. K. S.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.



SADDA, IN THE KURRAM VALLEY: SCENE OF THE DISASTER TO THE KURRAM BRIGADE ON NOVEMBER 7, WHEN AN OFFICER AND THIRTY-FIVE MEN OF THE KAPURTHALA INFANTRY WERE CUT OFF AND KILLED.

*From a Sketch by Major G. A. Keef, Royal Scots Fusiliers.*



PART OF THE SAMANA RANGE SHOWING THE HEIGHTS WHICH WERE STORMED ON OCTOBER 18 AND 28, VIEWED FROM GENERAL SYMONS' CAMP AT SHINOWRIE.

*From a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel H. H. Hart, Commanding Royal Engineers, 1st Division Tirah Field Force.*



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.



THE FIGHT AT CHAGRU KOTAL, FROM THE CAMP AT SHINOWRIE.

*From a Sketch by Surgeon-Major H. Hathaway, Tirah Field Force.*



ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.



No. 3 shows a Dinner Party at Skagway, and No. 6 Miners on Board the "Utopia" from Seattle.  
 SCENES ON THE ROUTE FROM VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, TO SKAGWAY AND DYE, VIA JUNEAU.  
 From Photographs by Mr. E. A. Green, Victoria.





ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE: A HALT FOR THE MIDDAY MEAL.

*From a Sketch by a Correspondent.*





MONTBARD.  
CAIRO.



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

A few months ago, in an article written for an Australian contemporary on the "Humours of the Duello," I told the story of a lion-tamer who, when he had taken a little more than was good for him, preferred to spend the night in the lion's cage to facing the curtain lectures of his showish wife; and how the latter, finding him there one morning, called him a coward. Odd to relate, on the very day I received the contribution in print I read the news of the death of Jean Baptiste Pezon, the lion-tamer in question, whom I happened to know in years gone by when his son Adrien had not altogether superseded him. I am under the impression that during his very protracted career Papa Pezon—as he was called to distinguish him from the said son, and also from his nephew and son-in-law in one, whose name is Edmond—never received so much as a scratch. The accident some five or six years since, when a bear playfully hugged one of the Pezons and broke him a couple of ribs, happened either to Edmond or Adrien.

Although both these were practically Papa Pezon's pupils, their methods of keeping their animals under control and of making them go through their performances differed essentially from his. I have only known one other lion-tamer—namely, Lucas—and both his system and that of the younger Pezons seemed to me more theatrical than that of the old man who has just gone to his last rest. Of course, like all the others, Papa Pezon carried a whip. I do not remember, however, having ever seen him use it. "A whip," he said one day to me at Neuilly, "is for the gallery; it's of no earthly use should the animals go for you. Nay, more, the constant use of the whip is, I feel, certainly remembered by them at such moments, and instead of inspiring them with fear, it inspires them with resentment; for you take my word for it, animals, and especially those of a higher order, have memories."

Of course, I am unable to say whether Jean Baptiste Pezon's theory was correct, but it curiously coincides with the opinions expressed by Mr. A. Smith in an article in the current number of the *Lancet Magazine*. Mr. Smith maintains that not only do the higher members of the brute creation reason, but that all living organisms have, in addition to their natural instincts, a greater or lesser amount of reasoning power which they bring into use as occasion requires. I am inclined to think that Papa Pezon and Mr. Smith are right. Some years ago Bidel, Pezon's most famous competitor, was so badly mauled by his lion Sultan that for many weeks he was hovering between life and death. The moment he was sufficiently recovered, Bidel insisted on facing Sultan once more, for he felt that his reputation as a tamer was at stake. But Sultan appeared to have entertained a similar opinion with regard to his reputation, and was prepared to contest Bidel's superiority. Bidel instinctively became aware of this as soon as he entered the cage, and the greater strain required of him induced facial paralysis. He was unable "to fix" Sultan as he had hitherto done, and Sultan, unquestionably, was cognisant of the failure of that power. Bidel wisely retired.

A great many of Jean Baptiste Pezon's animals had been bred in captivity, and had virtually grown old amidst his cubs and whelps. He never denied that this gave him an enormous advantage over others, who now and again had to face brutes which they had never seen before. "Besides," he said on one occasion, "I began as a boy, and in the open, with only one adversary to deal with. In a cage you often have two or three. My first exploit was with a she-wolf, which I killed, and then I took her cub, of which I made a companion. I taught it tricks, as you might teach a kitten or a pup."

The performance with the wolf-cub led to fortune, for Jean Baptiste Pezon died a very wealthy man, and his son Adrien is at present a candidate for parliamentary honours. How Rochefort must chuckle at this candidature: he who on two separate occasions used the simile of the lion-tamer against his adversaries! On the first, if I remember rightly, it was to warn Napoleon III. not to make too sure of the constant submission of the Chamber; on the second, it was to warn Thiers to the like effect. "Yes," he wrote, "the tamer enters the cage whenever he likes. Not only do the animals not attempt to bite him, but they lick his hands and feet with all the outward signs of the most patent submission. Now and again, without the smallest cause, and simply to show the spectators the extent of his authority, the tamer stirs his menagerie with a *white-hot* iron, and the brutes submit without so much as wincing. He makes them perform all sorts of tricks, walks over them, defies them, uses them as a couch or as a carpet, and to such an extent that, finding himself feared by his animals, he deludes himself into the belief that they love him. Suddenly, one day when he least expects it, in the midst of what is apparently one of the most unemotional performances, the tamer feels the strength of the lion's claws; there is a gash, which is soon followed by a hundred others. The lion, which has suffered every indignity at the tamer's hands in silence, flings himself upon him who has hitherto believed that he was his master, and wrings him between his paws just as if he (the supposed master) was simply a bit of moist linen. There is a rush, and a confused mass of gasping, quivering flesh is carried away; that is all that remains of the tamer. Then the idiotic crowd, which had come in search of excitement, no longer thinks of saying, as it did when it came in, 'The lions are only stuffed'; they ought to have been provided with little wheels."

I fancy there is nothing to add to this description of the lion-tamer's general end, which was practically verified in both cases, unless it be the lines of La Fontaine. It is the lion who speaks as he passes a picture representing one of his immense fellows struck down by one man. There, also, stands an admiring crowd. "The artisan," says the king of the forest, "has deceived you. Of course he had the right to disguise the truth. If my brothers could paint we should be represented as having the best of it." As it is, the lion frequently has the last word.

Ready Nov. 22.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

# THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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When one contemplates a sole, flounder, turbot, halibut, lying on a fishmonger's slab, one readily agrees with the epithet "flat-fishes," which has been applied to the members of this group of the finny class. Their bodies are certainly flat, in a very obvious sense, and their shape and form are characteristic enough to enable them to be readily recognised. If an ordinary observer be asked with what surfaces in an ordinary fish (say a cod or salmon) the flat aspects of the sole or flounder correspond, the usual reply bears that the dark surface of the flat-fish is its back, and the white aspect on which it lies is the belly of the fish. This idea is further fostered and encouraged by the fact that both eyes are situated on the so-called darker surface or "back." The sole and its neighbours are, therefore, in popular ideas, credited with being fishes which have their two sides practically reduced to a mere line, and the back and belly broadened out in a manner we are unaccustomed to see in other fishes. The skates and rays, I may add, are truly "flat-fishes" in the sense that it is the back and belly which are broadened. These fishes really rest on the latter surface; but it may be added that a great part of the apparent breadth of a skate is due to the enormous development, not of the body really, but of the pectoral (or breast) fins. These fins are very large and form part of the body, so to speak, being united closely to the trunk, and imparting to it a decided breadth.

When we look at our sole or flounder a little more narrowly, however, we begin to perceive that the popular ideas of the flat surface of the fish will bear reconsideration. In the first place, we notice that in front of the so-called back or upper and dark surface of the fish, we find a certain fin which corresponds with a like fin on the white and under surface. Now no fin of this paired nature is developed on the back of a fish, and it is evident the two fins to which I refer are the breast fins which every fish bears on its sides. A further proof that what we mistake for the back and belly of the sole or flounder are really its two sides, on one of which it habitually rests, is found in the presence of the true back fin running along one margin or edge of the body, while the anal fin or belly fin fringes the opposite edge. Then, finally, when we look at the tail-fin, we confirm our views that the fish really lies on one of its sides, and not on the lower or belly surface. The tail of a fish has its flat sides corresponding with the sides of the body. It is only in whales that the tail is set across the body. The tail of the sole or flounder has its sides on the same plane as those surfaces which in the fish we call upper and lower, so that no further doubt can exist that all the typical "flat-fishes" repose on one side, which is light coloured, and present the other and darker side as their upper surface. This latter side is coloured to suit their surroundings, and any person who has ever tried to spear flounders will have experienced the difficulty attending the detection of the fishes as they repose on the sand—so closely does the tint of the upper side agree with the colour of their sandy environment.

There remains, however, one point in connection with the flat-fishes which might, and does, appear somewhat paradoxical in the face of the foregoing statement concerning the flat surfaces of the fishes. The two eyes are found on the upper side of the fish. Is it usual, it may be asked, for any animal to have both eyes on one side of its body? I reply, assuredly not; and it is this curious disposition of the eyes in these fishes which constitutes almost the most singular fact in their history, and a clear proof of that process of adaptation to a special line of life which is the essence of evolution itself. To begin with, there are sundry flat-fishes which swim as do ordinary fishes, back upwards, and with their flat sides where they ought to be. Indeed, all flat-fishes start life in this way. But while a few keep straight (in a physical sense), the vast majority soon show a departure from the ways of ordinary fish-existence. The young sole or flounder, for instance, soon after it has been hatched and made its bow to the assembled universe, begins to exhibit a decided tendency to lopsidedness. Like a crank vessel (which it really is) it topples over. Its depth far exceeds its beam, and so it begins to rest on one side. This resting surface will be that which, in the future of the fish, will become the lighter under-side.

A crudity, however, ensues. It is born with its eyes where eyes should be—one on each side of its head. When it rests on one side, what is to become of the organ of sight which, pressing against the sand, is decidedly in the position of having a good deal of dust thrown into it? The quick wit of Dame Nature, a personage rich in the feminine art of devising expedients, comes to the rescue of the sand-logged eye. We now begin to note a marvellous transposition of this under-placed organ of sight. We see it slowly begin to look round the corner of the fish's head, so to speak. It travels right round to the upper side. The bones of the head are regularly twisted in the process, so that both eyes in due season come to be set on the side which is to be presented to the light. This deforming process comes to result in an apparent uniformity, beneath which, however, there is skull distortion represented of a very definite type.

Now this little episode in flat-fish life is, I say, a proof of evolution and adjustment such as gives the *coup de grâce* to nonsense of the kind which alleges that all things remain as they were created. And the very fact that some flat-fishes remain as they were hatched, proves the evolutionist's contention to be true. Yet another curious fact has been placed on record by a Japanese observer, Mr. Nishikawa, regarding the passage of the flat-fish eye. He describes a case in which, owing to the presence of the back fin well to the front, the eye cannot be twisted round as in ordinary cases. Therefore Madre Natura actually creates a small hole for the purpose, and the right eye of the Japanese fish passes through the hole to reach the left and upper side. Truly, I repeat, life is rich in expedients, shifts, and dodges to effect its appointed ends, and the chief of these ends is the encouragement of the "variations" which enable the living being to adapt itself to new ways of life.





A SOUTH AFRICAN IDYLL.



## LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESS.

While it is undoubtedly for the mode-makers to lay down our sumptuary laws, it is for the wearers, on the other hand, to take up or pass by their creations, and so the to-be or not-to-be of forthcoming fashion matters is always an uncertain quantity at the start of a season. Fancy, proverbially fickle, becomes acutely so in the feminine gender, and it is mere foolishness to attempt an investigation of its reasons. As a case in point, two autocratic commandments have already come to naught this season—one being that we were to discard the graceful bell-shaped



AN EVENING CLOAK.

skirt for a limp and straightly falling substitute, and another that the three-quarter jacket must oust all other outside garments from fashion and favour. Yet neither thing has happened. Doucet and a few other men of Paris light and leading introduced the flat skirt, which, guiltless of horse-hair, was to fall in clinging folds about our feet; but it never really caught on, and the rebound has, moreover, come with such a rush that the newest gowns, particularly such as figure in evening hours, are outspread and stiffened to the last extent, while even silk petticoats are as rampant to the knee as buckram and horse-hair can make them. The three-quarter jacket has not had even what those omniscient gentlemen, the dramatic critics, call a *succès d'estime*, seeing that it only appears, so far, amongst the very prosperously pursued who can afford to affect every fashion as it flies, and to whom one coat more or less in a wardrobe makes little difference. As a popular garment, however, the three-quarter jacket is not yet, though I make no doubt that when, having thoroughly exploited and exhausted the Moujik of our present craze, we look out for fresh opportunities of expenditure, the graceful outlines of the three-quarter coat will gain its deserved, if deferred, measure of approbation. Here, for instance, is an excellent illustration of the style, rendered in cloth of the real Robin Hood green, which some again realise as bottle-green, and which is, in sober earnest, rather a full shade of emerald, always one of the best backgrounds for profuse ornamentation or embroidery. In the present instance wide and narrow braid make excellent cause in the design of bodice and sleeves, and the ever-useful astrachan comes in as an appropriate and becoming border for sleeves, collar, and front. The inevitable jaunty toque of this season's adoption is here in green velvet, with sequin-embroidered crown and two nodding side feathers of black. The sweet reasonableness of the warm and cosy cape still prevails with some who appreciate these adjectives at their true value in preference to the extremest cry of fashion. It is mainly in furs of several sorts that the cape appears, however; as, for example, in seal with collar revers of chinchilla, or in the latter soft grey skin with wide collar and lapels of sable. Viewed from this costly standpoint, the cape becomes a possession to pray for. And one sent over by a great Paris furrier to a friend this week is in the still more uncommon combination of caracul and chinchilla, a short flounce and collar of the latter overlying an under-cape made short and full of the caracul, which is, by the way, lined throughout with white velvet, a material which, for some unexplained reason, is now making a vigorous bid for fashionable favour.

White velvet always seems to me an anomaly somehow, never quite impressing one as being either white or velvety; yet I am bound to admit that in the form of an elaborately gold-embroidered dinner-dress, with narrow borderings of

dark Russian sable, it took a very regal air at Viola's some days since. Evening cloaks are less affected by the various vagaries of fashion than other garments this season, for which respite one may be grateful, as the long flowing lines, with high collar and lace-decked shoulders, make up an altogether that it would be difficult to improve upon. In the way of trimming only do they vary, and this representation of the latest "model," made in a very thick rich satin of pale buff-colour, takes an immensely enhanced effect from its yoke and high collar of bejewelled embroidery, in which pink coral, paste, steel, and jet lie down most effectively together. An ermine border, over three pink-lined shoulder-flounces, which are again flanked by daintily draped ivory Chantilly, complete its portentous charms. A glimpse of sequin-embroidered black satin gown showing underneath makes admirable harmony with this pink-brocaded lined poem in cloaks, and there really seems reasonable cause for regret that it should be taken off on arrival. Portrait-painters who go in for great effects are advisedly fond of the opera-cloak, as it used to be called. They understand its pictorial values.

Regarding this thushness of white velvet aforesaid, I am again constrained to remember its possibilities in having met it, of all places, on a Princess robe of black Amazon cloth, built by a West-End artist for an exceedingly slim and well-known personage, who is also a widow, and now undergoing her second six months of mourning with as many abbreviations as are possible and presentable to her desolated condition. The high lights to this gown in question were supplied by a well-arranged broad vandyke in the apron, which, I should have before remarked, was plenteously embroidered with jet and silver paillettes of quite small size. This *déshappée* of white velvet, if it may be so called, was thickly covered with arabesques in silver cord. Very narrow bands of astrachan edged the white wedge, which had smaller ones to correspond at vest and sleeves. A Moujik coat of caracul with white velvet revers, also embroidered to match, is to be worn over this smart second mourning in the street.

Buckles have transferred themselves for the moment from the front to the back of the waistband. Here they are mostly of cut steel, and of the elongated square shape, if the Ilbernicism may be permitted. Indeed, between our gold and jewelled belts, our heart-shaped lockets, our neck or muff or lorgnette chains, as the case may be, also strung with pearls and precious things, it cannot be said that the days of jewellery are over; while, apropos also of pearls, a gem-setter of note confided recently that pear-shaped gems of that ilk, which for so many years were a hopeless drug in the market, are now once more in much demand owing to the recently revived custom among smart women of wearing ear-rings. It is said that the Duchess of York is responsible for this emphatically becoming fashion, which has been practically "out" since the 'fifties.

In the matter of sleeves, like Roman politics, there is no medium at the moment, and evening gowns are either decorated with quite long sleeves of gauze, chiffon, lisse, or else the minutest puffed or bow just covering the shoulder. For winter wear the long style is unquestionably best, as it is just now considered the smartest as well. Flower-trimmed frocks for young girls are also much in evidence at evening parties, and with a little Paris gown of white taffetas under double skirts of pink and white mousseline, the prettiest possible short sleeves were composed of three bouillonnées, divided in the centre, bow-fashion, by gardenias, which also formed a cluster at the left side of the corsage. SYDIL.

## NOTES.

It is interesting to observe that the Queen, notwithstanding her advanced age, keeps up the wise custom that she inaugurated at the very beginning of her reign, of seeing and receiving first-hand information from as many as possible of the personages directly engaged in affairs. The most important question in "high politics" to-day is, beyond doubt, the possession of Africa. Every European country, down to the smallest, is engaged in the scramble, and yet it is not the interests of the people of to-day that are really concerned, but those of the generations of to-morrow or the day after—that tomorrow that so soon arrives, as we are reminded by the fact that there are only six known survivors of those present at the first Lord Mayor's banquet which the Queen attended, sixty years ago. To the truly statesmanlike mind, however, there is a greater charm in considering the interests "of the millions in our room," and in handing on intact to those who shall succeed us the power and place of the nation, than in more immediately practical problems of diplomacy; and such a mind the Queen possesses. She has commanded visits to herself by the British Ambassador at Paris, who has recently settled the terms of a conference on the position of England and France in West Africa; and of Earl Grey, who has just returned from an official position in South Africa, in order that she may study at first hand with these two gentlemen the difficult questions that have to be decided.

The Royal Family are very fond of using pet or household names. Perhaps it has been to some extent rendered a necessity by the number of Victorias and Alberts that the family has included of late years. The inscription on the wreath sent by the Duchess of York on her children's behalf to her mother's funeral shows that the little Prince Edward of York is known to his family circle by the last of his string of names—David—the full complement being Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David.

There is little probability in the story that the Empress Frederick either intends to marry or has actually married her Chamberlain. But the action would not be without its precedent. Craven Street, Strand, is the last relic of the romance of the elder years of one of the most charming and most unfortunate of the Stuarts, Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, sister of Charles I. Lord Craven was the grandson of a poor Yorkshire weaver lad, who came to London penniless, winning his bread on the journey by helping to drive a train of packhorses. The man in charge of the train recommended the boy to a draper in London, to whom

some of the goods were consigned, and entering this service the Yorkshire lad gradually succeeded in business, and left a son who was Lord Mayor, who in his turn had a son to whom great wealth descended, and who became a soldier, and was presently ennobled. Lord Craven was devoted to the cause of the Stuarts, helping both Elizabeth's husband and her brother to fight for their respective thrones; and at last, in the peace that succeeded the Restoration, Lord Craven (created an Earl by Charles II.) bought a fine house in London, fitted it up with regal magnificence, and installed the Queen of Bohemia as its mistress. She had the true charm of the Stuarts. A writer of the day says that during the wars for the reinstatement of her husband, "half the army was in love with her." Of these adorers Lord Craven was one, and it is supposed that she was married to him shortly after her husband's death. At one time, Lord Craven gave the then homeless and miserably poor Charles the Second the large sum of fifty thousand pounds; the inference is that this was the price of the exiled King's consent, as the head of his family, to the marriage of his aunt with her valiant and devoted lover, the grandson of the Yorkshire weaver. When Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, took up her abode with her constant friend, she was already sixty-five years old, and she was not widowed till she was over fifty, while Lord Craven was twelve years her junior. Their marriage was never publicly acknowledged, but was universally understood to exist in their own day. Lord Craven began to build a magnificent castle in Berkshire for his Queen, but alas! Elizabeth only lived about a year after she took up her residence with him in London, and on her death the building of the castle was stopped and the project abandoned.

Twenty pages of the report of the Inspectors of Factories are allotted to the women inspectors' work. It is interesting to observe how much notice they all take of the case of the children in the mills, who are still allowed to work in this country at an earlier age than in any other nation—surely a disgrace to wealthy England! The great heat in which many of the children are employed, the inadequacy of the provisions for medical inspection before work is allowed to begin (not by the doctors' wish, but to their great regret), and the fact that errand and message boys and girls have been inadvertently left out from the benefits of all Factory Acts, are points on which the lady inspectors dwell.

I can speak a good word for "Maggi's soups and consommé" with assurance and decision, as they have not merely come to me in a sample, but have been in constant use in my own household for the last two years. They are simply invaluable. They are compressed in some extraordinary manner in small packets, each of which will make a pint of soup by the addition of water alone and a brief boiling. It stands to reason that they are the better (except for vegetarians—for the soups are purely vegetable) for being made with stock; moreover, milk can be used for stock for several of them with advantage; and the addition



A GRACEFUL JACKET.

of a packet of the "consommé" to one of the other kinds is an excellent plan—the consommé by itself making an excellent clear or gravy soup, while the Maggi packets make thick soups. There are many varieties, and it is like magic to taste the various flavours and see the quantities of materials—sago, rice, julienne vegetables, and so on—that come in the saucepan from any one small packet. The onion, the potato (or *parmentière*) and the range of pea preparations, especially the *bonne femme*, are particular favourites of mine, but a mixed sample package should be obtained and tested. The sample boxes are to be had by post from Cosenza and Co., Wigmore Street, where also the soups may be tasted by callers. Most grocers supply the soups, too. F. F. M.

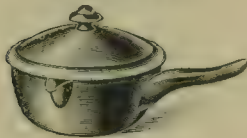


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1 Cup ..	1 5	5 Cup ..	12 8
2 ..	1 6	6 ..	13 3
3 ..	1 9	8 ..	14 0
4 ..	2 1	12 ..	15 3

### SAUCEPANS.



4 Inches ..	1 1	6 Inches ..	2 2
4 1/2 ..	1 4	6 1/2 ..	2 6
5 ..	1 9	7 ..	3 2
5 1/2 ..	1 11	8 ..	3 0

### MILK BOILERS.



1/2 Pint ..	1 8	2 Pints ..	3 8
1 ..	2 0	3 ..	4 0
1 1/2 ..	2 4	5 ..	4 8

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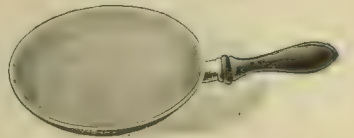
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4 ..	3 1	8 ..	4 0

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4 Inches ..	0 7	6 1/2 Inches ..	0 11
4 1/2 ..	0 7 1/2	7 ..	1 0
5 ..	0 8 1/2	7 1/2 ..	1 1
5 1/2 ..	0 9	8 ..	1 2
6 ..	0 10	9 ..	2 0

### OVAL COVERED PIE DISHES.



7 1/2 Inches ..	1 10	9 1/2 Inches ..	3 9
8 ..	2 1	10 ..	4 6
8 1/2 ..	2 8	10 1/2 ..	5 6
9 ..	3 2		

## The Leading Authorities ON THE Correct Periods of Ladies' Mourning.

**A Widow's Mourning** "Queen," Jan. 11, 1896.  
Remains practically unaltered for a year and a day, and then she can give up Crape, but as a rule women wear it six months longer.

**A Daughter wears** "Queen," Feb. 22, 1896.  
Deep Crape for ... first 3 months.  
Lessened Crape for ... next 3 ..  
Full Black for ... 3 ..  
Half Mourning for ... 3 ..

**A Sister wears** "Lady's Pictorial," June 5, 1897.  
Crape for ... 3 months.  
Plain Black for ... 2 ..  
Half Mourning for ... 1 month.

**A Mother wears** "Queen," Aug. 24, 1895.  
Deep Crape for ... 3 months.  
Slightly less for ... 6 ..  
Black for ... 3 ..

**A Niece wears** "Madame," April 13, 1896.  
Black for ... 2 months.  
Half Mourning for ... 1 month.

**A Grand-daughter wears** "Lady's Pictorial," Oct. 19, 1895.  
Crape for ... 3 months.  
Black without Crape for ... 3 ..  
Half Mourning for ... 3 ..

**A Cousin wears** "Gentlewoman," April 25, 1896.  
Mourning for ... 3 months.

**"Lady's Pictorial," June 5, 1897.**  
For the first year the dress is entirely covered with Crape; for the next nine months it is trimmed with Crape, the amount gradually diminishing.

**"Gentlewoman," March 28, 1896.**  
Crape for a year, then Black for three months, and Half Mourning for three months.

**"Queen," Dec. 23, 1895.**  
Crape for ... 3 months.  
Mourning for ... 3 ..  
6 ..

**"Lady," March 19, 1896.**  
Crape for ... 6 months.  
Black for ... 3 ..  
Half Mourning for ... 3 ..

**"Lady's Pictorial," May 2, 1896.**  
Black for ... 2 months.  
Half Mourning for ... 1 month.

**"Queen," Dec. 28, 1895.**  
Crape for ... 3 months.

**"Lady's Pictorial," May 2, 1896.**  
Black for ... 3 months.  
Half Mourning for ... 3 ..

"You should wear Mourning for your Husband's relations as for your own."

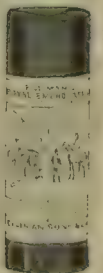
"Queen," Dec. 28, 1895.

**Courtald's Crape is Waterproof**

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**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S**  
CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freema was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—see the "Times," July 15, 1894.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S**  
CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Lord Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Daventport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 11, 1861.

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CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 17, 1861: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. On a case it is called to be singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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CHLORODYNE.—The best and most certain remedy in Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c.

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CHLORODYNE is a certain and reliable remedy in Coughs, &c.

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CHLORODYNE.—CAUTION.—None genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each bottle. Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENTPORT, 33, Great Street, 1 St. L. Mansbury, London. 34 in Bottles, 1s. 1d. each 1 to 3s.

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Famous "LIQUEUR"  
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Two Gallon Case,  
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the special shaggy  
bottles, sent  
carriage paid  
for Cash,  
45/-



Illustrated London News,  
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**RENDERS** THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Is **PERFECTLY HARMLESS** and **DELICIOUS** to the TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.



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As supplied to Her Majesty the Queen.

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With Silver-Plated Kettle ... £2 17 6

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If fitted Drows' Patent Railway Attachment Lill

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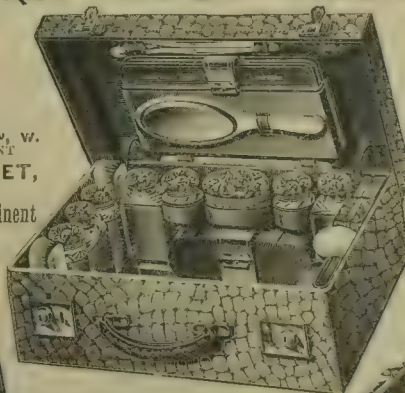


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New Designs in **GENTLEMEN'S SUIT-CASES**,  
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Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL  
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Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant  
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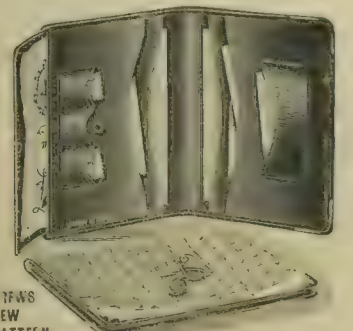
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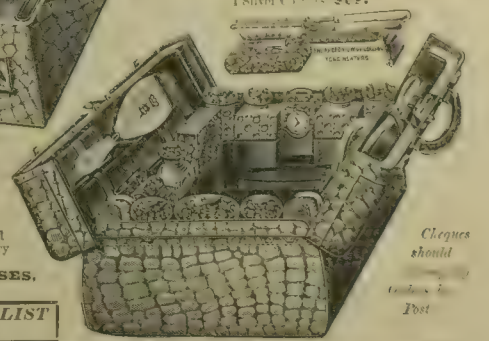
OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

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sent

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the trusts of the settlement of Englefield House. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one moiety thereof to his wife absolutely, and the other moiety, upon trust, for her for life, and then as she shall by deed or will appoint to their children. All benefits to Mrs. Benyon are to be in substitution and satisfaction of her jointure secured by their marriage settlement.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1890) of Mr. Thomas Fielden, M.P. for the Middleton Division of Lancashire, of Grimston Park, Tadcaster, who died on Oct. 3, has just been proved by Mrs. Martha Fielden, the widow, and Mr. Edward Brocklehurst Fielden, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £119,638. The testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated July 14, 1892), with three codicils (dated July 14, 1892, Nov. 23, 1893, and July 21, 1897), of Mrs. Alexandra John Schilizzi, of 71, Westbourne Terrace, widow, who died on Sept. 13, has been proved by Pandely Ambrose Mavrogordato, Pandely Leonidas Argenti, and Joseph Benson, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £117,105. The testatrix gives £5000, upon trust, for her granddaughter, Julia Pandely Argenti; £1000 each to her grandchildren; £500 each to her great-grandchildren; £10,000 to Pandely Ambrose Mavrogordato; £1000, and £25,000, upon trust, for her daughter-in-law, Virginia Paul Schilizzi, if unmarried, and during such time as she shall remain a widow; £25,000, upon trust, for her granddaughter, Alexandra Rodocanachi; £500 to Mrs. A. Ralli; £500 for such charitable purposes as her



THE SOUTH AFRICAN COLLIE AND SHEEP-DOG CLUB.

Our illustration shows a unique specimen of silver work in the form of a "Floating Collie Trophy" for the above club, which has just been presented for competition by the president, Mr. Strangman Humeock. A life-like model of a pure-bred collie in silver rests upon a block of "blanket," of rough gold ore, which in turn is supported by an ebony plinth ornamented with silver mounts and bearing an appropriate inscription. The trophy was designed and modelled by her Majesty's silversmiths, Messrs. Mutton and Webb, of London and Sheffield.

executors shall select; £1000 each to her executors; and many legacies to friends and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her two daughters, Mrs. Jenny Pandely Mavrogordato and Mrs. Fanny Pandely Argenti, as tenants-in-common. Any property she will receive under the will of her brother Michele Pandely Mavrogordato, she bequeaths as to one third each, upon trust, for her two daughters and her granddaughter, Alexandra Rodocanachi.

The will (dated May 30, 1884), with two codicils (dated July 2, 1889, and Dec. 8, 1894), of Mr. Edward Gibbon, of Rose Hill, Little Woolton, Lancashire, who died on May 17 last, was proved on Oct. 18 by Ralph John Aspinall and Mrs. Alice Elizabeth Gibbon, two of the executors, in the Liverpool District Registry, the value of the personal estate being £108,980. The testator gives £500, his furniture and effects, carriages and horses, an annuity of £150 (in addition to the annuity of £250 he covenanted to pay her on her marriage), and during widowhood an additional annuity of £600 and the use of his plate with the bull, the lion, and the griffin crest, and his presentation portrait to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Alice Elizabeth Gibbon, the widow of his deceased son, John Houghton Gibbon; £500 per annum, upon trust, for his son, Henry Acton Gibbon; £1300 to Mrs. Elizabeth Beeby, and £1200 to her daughter, Eleanor Maud; £4000 to Mrs. Phoebe Jones; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for the children of his deceased son John Houghton, in such shares and on such

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WHOLE FRESH

TOMATOES.

APPETISING.

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Perfumes.

These concentrated perfume sprays give a delightful refreshing coolness, and every lady ought to have them.

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LILAC...

and a Variety of others.  
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No other Preparation for the Hair has ever received such unique Testimonials as "KOKO."

"I USE

# KOKO FOR THE HAIR

## A NATION OF BALD HEADS.

TIME was when baldness was almost confined to the aged, or, at least, to those considerably advanced in years, and to see a man or woman on the green side of fifty with any bald patches was a rare sight. Now, however, it is quite a common thing to witness in the youth of both sexes the signs of approaching baldness. Tens of thousands of young men are quite bald on the crown of the head, and the rest of the hair is fast disappearing, while innumerable young ladies find their hair is getting thin and poor and beginning to come out. Every doctor will tell you that we are fast losing our hair, and the time is not far distant when we may expect to become a nation of bald heads. For this, of course, there is a reason, and it is not far to seek. The hair is an organic growth, and, like everything that grows, it requires suitable nourishment, otherwise it will wither, decay, and fall out. Now, the first thing is to find that suitable nourishment, and the next to have belief in it. The latter can only be done either by trial or by seeing the independent and unquestionable testimony of those who have used it. After reading the following it is impossible to doubt that Koko is a valuable preparation for the hair, as no possible suspicion can attach to such high testimony.

### Royal Testimonial. Royal Testimonial. Royal Testimonial. Royal Testimonial. Royal Testimonial.

"Berlin, Alsenstrasse,  
Feb. 25, 1896.

"'KOKO FOR THE HAIR' is the BEST DRESSING I KNOW OF. IT KEEPS the hair cool, promotes growth, and is in every way EXCELLENT.

"PRINCESS HOHENLOHE, Oehringen."

### Order from Royalty. Order from Royalty. Order from Royalty. Order from Royalty. Order from Royalty.

"I beg you to send me by return six bottles of 'KOKO FOR THE HAIR.' It is for Her Royal Highness

PRINCESS VICTORIA of Schaumburg-Lippe" (Grand-daughter of our Queen and Sister to the German Emperor).

### Windsor Castle. Windsor Castle. Windsor Castle. Windsor Castle. Windsor Castle.

The late Colonel G. J. IVEY, Military Knight of Windsor, wrote on May 9—

"Please send me another bottle of 'KOKO FOR THE HAIR.' I can conscientiously state that 'KOKO' has performed all you say. I have found it most efficacious. My hair came out more than I liked, but since using it scarcely any remains in my brushes. I have strongly recommended it to my friends, and certainly I shall never use any other than 'KOKO.'"

### MISS ELLEN TERRY

The Great Actress, writes—

"I have used 'KOKO FOR THE HAIR' for years, and can assure my friends that it stops the hair from falling off, promotes its growth, eradicates dandruff, and is the most pleasant dressing imaginable."

## AUTHORITATIVE ANALYSIS.

Chemical Laboratory,  
54, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Jan. 18, 1898.  
I hereby certify that I have submitted to a careful examination and Chemical Analysis a sample, purchased by myself from the stock of a well-known firm of Wholesale Druggists, of the preparation known as "Koko for the Hair."

I have found nothing in this preparation which could be injurious either to the head or hair, and the results of the analysis lead me to pronounce "Koko for the Hair" a pleasant dressing, which would undoubtedly be advantageous in many cases. I discovered in the preparation no ingredients of the nature of a colouring matter or dye.

EDWY GODWIN (LAYTON),  
F.I.C., F.C.S.,  
Member of the Society of Public Analysts, &c.

### John Strange Winter, John Strange Winter, John Strange Winter, John Strange Winter, John Strange Winter.

The Authoress of "Bootles' Baby," says most decidedly on "KOKO"

"It will stop your hair from falling out. I happen to know, because I have tried it myself. It is nice, clean stuff, too, not sticky or greasy."

### J. Edgill Coles, Esq., J. Edgill Coles, Esq., J. Edgill Coles, Esq., J. Edgill Coles, Esq., J. Edgill Coles, Esq.

Is a well-known City merchant, of the eminent firm of Boer Bros. and Coles, of Upper Thames Street, London. This gentleman writes on July 2—

"I am now convinced that, without exception, 'KOKO' is the best preparation possible for restoring hair. I was quite bald on the front, top, and back of my head, and I have now a fine top of hair. I am strongly of opinion that if the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales, and his good brother knew your 'KOKO,' they would use it. I enclose my photo, just taken, and I consider it a marvellous recovery of my hair, especially as I am over sixty years of age. I am willing to answer any questions from anyone."

### Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

The Celebrated Authoress, writes—

"Broughton House, Mallow, Jan. 16, 1898."

"Dear Sirs,—I have used your 'KOKO' now since June last, and I have not only stopped the falling out, which had been excessive after a severe illness, but I have an entirely new growth of hair, while the old hair is longer. As I am not a young woman, but an old one, I think this is a convincing test of the value of your preparation."

# "KOKO" FOR THE HAIR

1/-, 2/6, and 4/6, of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, &c., or post free from

THE KOKO-MARICOPAS CO., LTD., 16, Bevis Marks, and 233, Regent St., London.



conditions as Mrs. Alice Elizabeth Gibbon during widowhood shall appoint, and in default thereof in equal shares as tenants-in-common.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1895) of the Most Hon. William Maclean, Marquis of Northampton, K.G., who died on Sept. 11, 1897, has now been proved. The executors appointed therein are William George Spencer Scott, Earl Compton (the present Marquis), and Lord Alwyne Frederick Compton, the sons, and Henry John Lowndes Graham, the son-in-law. The gross value of the personal estate amounts to £96,040. The testator charges his Islington property with £8000 for his son Lord Douglas James Cecil Compton; and in case his son Earl Compton should not become entitled to a sum of £4000 charged in his favour by a deed executed by the testator in his lifetime, the testator charges the same property with the sum of £1333 6s. 8d. to each of his three children, Lord Alwyne Frederick Compton, Lord Douglas James Cecil Compton, and Lady Margaret Georgina Graham. In exercise of another power of appointment, the testator appoints a sum of £4000 in favour of his son Lord Douglas James Cecil

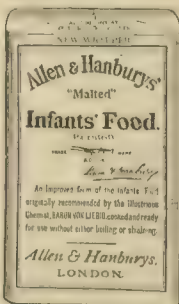
Compton. The testator gives the following legacies (which, with the sums already appointed, will make up to each legatee £25,000)—namely, to Lord Alwyne Frederick Compton, £15,000; to Lord Douglas James Cecil Compton, £5000; and to Lady Margaret Georgina Graham, £15,000; but as to all three legacies the above-mentioned three sums of £1333 6s. 8d., if payable, are to be accepted in part satisfaction thereof. The testator gives the sum of £30,000, upon trusts, for the benefit of his daughter, Lady Mabel Violet Isabel Compton, and directs that the four last-mentioned legacies shall be free of duty. He states that he does not make any provision for his daughter, the Countess Cowper, as she is provided for under her marriage settlement, and he bequeaths to his trustees for the benefit of his daughter, Lady Mabel, certain carriages, horses, harness, plate, furniture, and pictures; and to Miss C. Gaye, the companion of his daughter, an annuity of £50 for life, duty free. He gives to his son next succeeding him in his Torloisk estate in Scotland, the household furniture and plenishing (except plate), and the farming stock, etc., at Torloisk. There are legacies to some of his

servants, and the residue of his estate and effects, both real and personal, the testator gives to the present Marquis.

The will (dated Aug. 26, 1897) of Mr. John Garnett Good, of the City of Nottingham, has been proved in the Nottingham District Registry by Francis Henry Good, the son, and James Bingham Allott, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £72,933. The testator gives £10,000, and his household furniture, plate, and pictures to his wife, Mrs. Eleanora Paget Good; £10,000 each to his daughters Catherine and Rosalind; £5000 to his daughter Elizabeth Allott; £4000 each to his sons Alfred Arthur Good and Francis Henry Good; £250 to the China Inland Mission; £500 to the London Missionary Society; and £100 each to his executors. He further gives £3000 to his son Alfred and £5000 to his son Francis for the purpose of entering into partnership, if he has not already given it to them in his lifetime. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1896) of Mr. Herbert Bramley, of Thorncliffe, Clarendon Crescent, Sheffield, Town-Clerk

INFANTS fed on this Food ARE NEITHER FRETFUL nor WAKEFUL.



# Allen & Hanburys'

"It is excellent in quality and flavour."  
 "Very digestible, nutritious, and palatable."  
 "No better Food exists."—London Medical Record.

# Food.

Surprisingly beneficial results have attended the use of this Food.

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, CONVALESCENTS, and the AGED.

## TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

# SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

## MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.

Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

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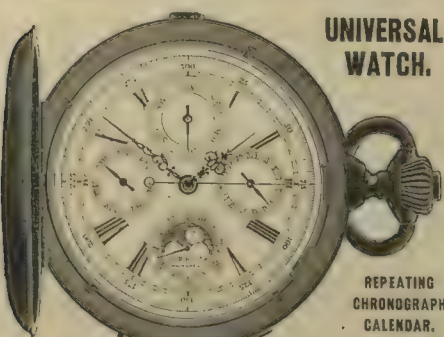
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REGULAR PRICE, £4 4s. REDUCED PRICE, £1 15s. 6d. GOOD UNTIL DEC. 23, 1897.

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**"LOUIS" VELVETEEN**  
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Corrode the  
Skin ; keeps  
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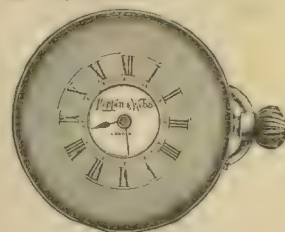


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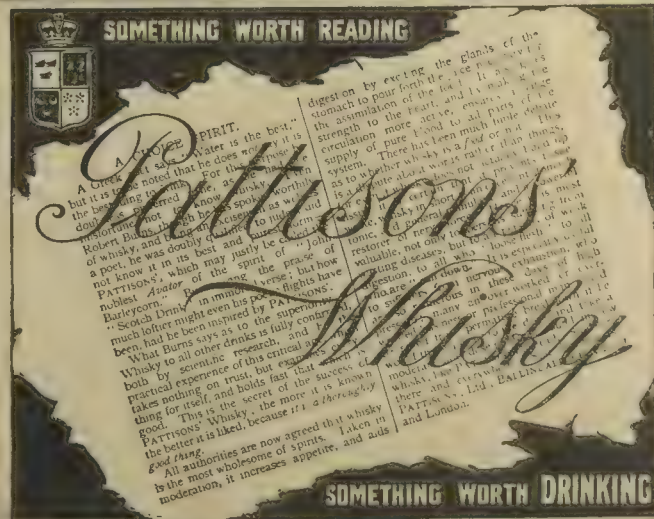
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Lincoln has acceded to the request of a meeting held in Lincoln to allow his portrait to be painted by some competent artist for presentation to himself, and for transmission to his successors in the see. The Bishop evidently does not share Dr. Pusey's prejudice against portraits.

The *Church Times* makes a bitter attack on the Evangelical Bishop of Liverpool. It declares that his work has been one long series of failures; that he lacks power to inspire confidence and enthusiasm; that his clergy hold aloof from him generally; that when they do have to see him he makes the interview like one between a solicitor and his client; that he has no sympathy and tact; that he has not

the faintest notion of the nature of a Bishop's office, etc. It appears that the Bishop refused recently to license a certain gentleman to an assistant curacy unless he gave an undertaking that he would not hear confessions. The Bishop has not been very well, and the work of the diocese has been entrusted meanwhile to Bishop Royston.

The September ordinations show a slight decrease upon last year. Eighty-two per cent. had University degrees, and sixty-four per cent. were graduates of Oxford or Cambridge.

The Rev. D. G. Davies, examining chaplain to the Bishop of St. Asaph, and rural dean for Welshpool, has resigned his position as a protest against the administration of Church patronage in the diocese. The *Western*

*Mail*, a Conservative paper, says: "It is now well known to the public that there is deep dissatisfaction among the great body of the clergy with many of the Bishop's appointments."

The Literature Committee of the S.P.C.K. have publicly disowned all responsibility for the translation of Maspero, about which there has been so great a scandal. They say they were unaware of the alterations that were made, and that they have in no way sanctioned the defence issued. It is to be presumed that the book will now be recalled.

The Rev. R. R. Dolling, who did so great a work in Landport, is still in America, and he has refused to accept the living of St. Raphael's, Bristol, which was offered him by the Keble College patronage trustees.

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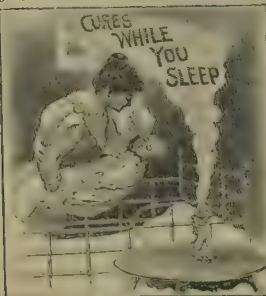
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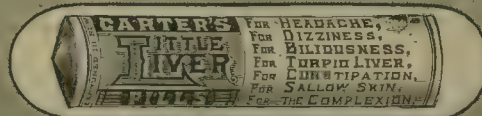
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# Westminster Abbey

## The Tomb of Kings

By F. J. MURRAY SMITH. ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT RAILTON.

UNTIL this, the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign, when the scene was shifted to St. Paul's Cathedral, those royal pageants which bind the Sovereign to the subject have all been celebrated in Westminster Abbey, ever since the great church we see before us was built. Queen Victoria is the only Sovereign who has been twice enthroned upon the famous stone of Scone. Although for five centuries Kings and Queens have been crowned here, no other has ever kept a fiftieth year of Jubilee seated in that historic chair of state, for no other have the silver trumpets sounded a second time. Royal marriages, royal funerals, services of praise and thanksgiving for great victories have ever connected Westminster with the Throne, and were it not for the generosity of Kings, no national church would have grown up upon this site, endeared to all not only for its beautiful structure but for its centuries of historic memories. For this wealth of antiquity one visit and one chapter are not enough, it is only possible to indicate a few of the reasons why, for eight hundred years, Kings and Princes, churchmen and laymen have given their willing services and lavished their money, upon this ancient foundation. I say for eight hundred years advisedly, for now, when there is no longer the same stimulus to attract direct gifts from the Throne itself, public and private generosity has filled the gap, and the Nation herself supports her national church, while her citizens from time to time come forward to supply some pressing need, or to erect memorials to men of mark. It is not possible to dwell here upon the army of names, notorious or insignificant, which are inscribed upon these monuments. Before Londoners have forgotten the impression which the sight of the reigning



THE TOMBS OF KING SEBERT,  
RICHARD II., AND EDWARD III.

Sovereign, and of the diverse members of the royal family, passing in slow and solemn procession along the streets, has made upon them, it is well to recall to their memories some of their earlier Sovereigns whose tombs are to be found in Westminster Abbey.

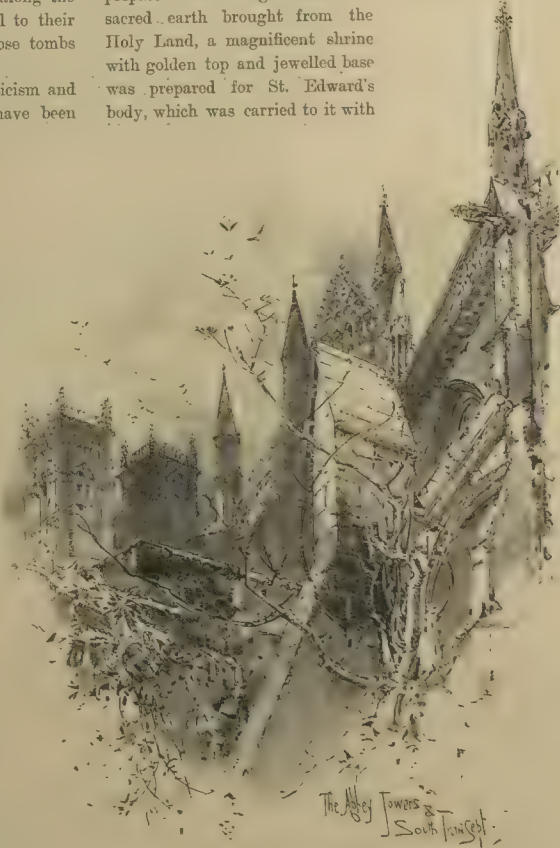
Long ago, before the days of historical criticism and research, every visitor to the church would have been shown an ancient tomb in the ambulatory, as that of the Saxon King Sebert, founder, they would have been told, of the monastery. Though monkish legends are shattered, the tomb itself remains, and is older than the present church, removed here from the Chapter House, where it has been placed during the rebuilding, when this quire was completed. Whether Sebert the King, or Sebert the plain citizen of London, found sepulture here, the undoubted antiquity of the tomb is undisputed. We may look upon the battered shrine of another Saxon King, last but one of the ruling race, with less mingled feelings, for here we stand upon firm ground, and no doubt can be cast upon the claim of Edward the Confessor to be the founder of this church. Before his day the little community of Benedictine monks who settled upon Thorney Island had only a tiny stone chapel annexed to their wooden huts, and there was no great monastery, no minster of the West of London dreamt of. Edward's munificence first raised the Abbot and monks from their

poverty-stricken state, and, as one King after another came to lay gifts upon the Confessor's tomb, and pilgrims flocked from all parts of the Christian world, the monastery grew richer and richer, till its Abbots became great princes rather than humble churchmen. Dedicated originally to St. Peter, the name of St. Edward gradually usurped the place of the greater saint, when, after several abortive attempts, the Westminster Abbots succeeded in satisfying the Pope by substantial gifts and constant embassies that the Confessor was worthy of canonisation. This was in the time of the second Henry, who caused the embalmed body of the new saint to be placed in a costly shrine, and removed from the plain marble tomb where it had lain before the high altar for nearly one hundred years.

During the next century the fame of St. Edward increased year by year, and his anniversary feasts were celebrated with increasing pomp. In the reign of another Henry, third of his race, the monastery reaped still greater benefits from the reverence for their saintly founder. With the alms and oblations of the pilgrims the Abbot found himself in a position to build a new Lady Chapel, while the King was yet a boy; and Henry, when he grew to manhood, saw with increasing disfavour the Confessor's dark and low church beside the lofty pointed building at the east end. For new ideas of architecture had been brought from France, and as soon as the King found himself with leisure, and with sufficient money to begin his long-cherished project, the quire and transepts of the old Norman church were given over to destruction, and before his death he had the satisfaction of seeing his new building advanced enough to be opened for service. Within the chapel behind the high altar, specially prepared on a high mound of sacred earth brought from the Holy Land, a magnificent shrine with golden top and jewelled base was prepared for St. Edward's body, which was carried to it with



the Deanery  
and  
Jerusalem  
Chamber.



The Abbey Towers  
South Porch.



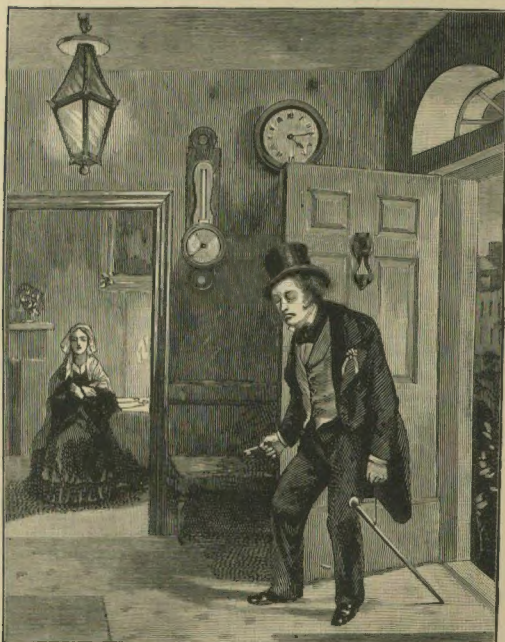
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solemn pomp on the shoulders of Henry himself and his sons on Oct. 13, 1269. Money, indeed, was lavished on the adornment of the church, much of it squeezed from a groaning and reluctant people, chiefly the persecuted Jews; but never was money better laid out. For though the splendours of the shrine have long faded, and the golden top has been melted down to fill another Henry's coffers, yet the church itself in its solidity and strength remains, its soaring arches still pointing us the way to heaven. Year by year the building went steadily on, each King contributing to it, some generously, some grudgingly, till at last the west end was reached in the reign of Henry VII., and every vestige of the old Norman nave was finally removed. The thirteenth century Lady Chapel was destroyed at this time in order to make way for the beautiful chapel of Henry VII., but it is only within the last few months that it has been possible to get a proper view of its exterior owing to the houses which used to block the east end of the Abbey from sight. Now we gaze our fill on the fine group of this chapel and the Chapter House, with its graceful flying buttresses, dating from the time of Henry III. himself. As we stand there the centuries roll back, and again Kings and Queens dwell in that royal palace hard by, and again we see that great pile of monastic buildings, of which the church and cloisters and a few fragments only remain, surrounded on all sides by streams and meadows.

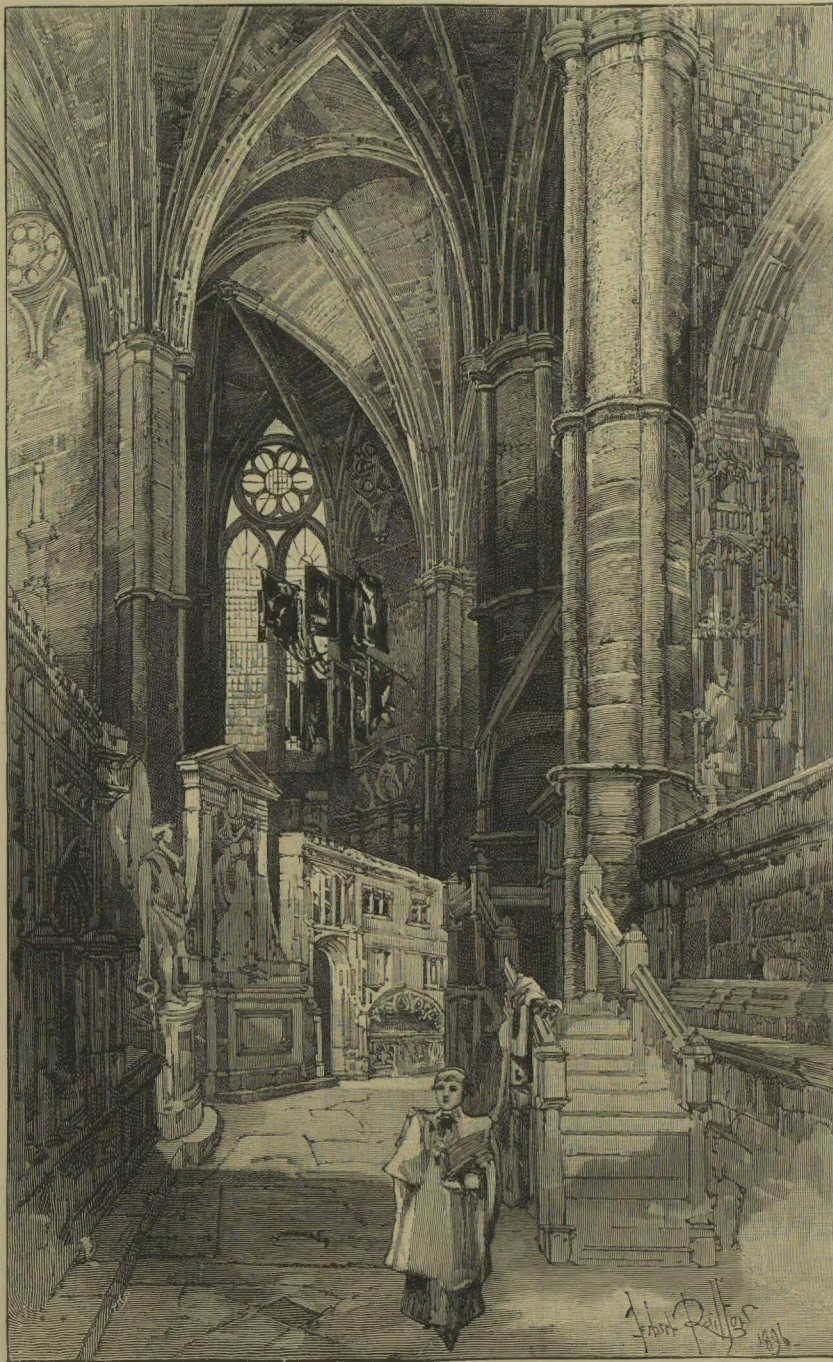
At this end only, indeed, can we see the thirteenth and sixteenth century buildings without later additions, for on the west the ugly eighteenth century towers spoil the symmetry of the building, and the statues of "Kings who have been benefactors," which once adorned the west end, are no longer to be seen. Yet it is best to see the interior from the west end, for the roof up to the towers is the work of Abbot Islip, and from here the whole length up to the east window, hidden behind which lies the chapel of Henry VII., can best be seen. From here we walk up the centre of nave and quire, marking as we go the places where Edward the First's work begins and ends, the beginning shown by the cessation of the diaper work and ornaments on the triforium arcades, which are replaced by plain arches; the last part by the metal mouldings on the columns in the bay west of the quire screen, which change into marble mouldings in the rest of the nave. Before the altar is the sanctuary, where the chair of state is placed at coronations, and on one side of it are the tombs of three of Henry the Third's relatives. His son, Edmund Crouchback, lies in a line with his first wife, Aveline, the first bride married in Henry's new church, their cousin, Aymer de Valence, between them. These beautiful tombs were nearly swept away last century to make room for Wolfe's huge monument, but were saved by the interposition of Horace Walpole. Opposite is the portrait of Richard II., of whom we shall speak presently; it was originally placed in the quire, but got so ruined by the wigs of the occupants of the Lord Chancellor's stall that it was removed for a time to the Jerusalem Chamber. There it used to hang in close proximity to the bust of Henry IV., who had breathed his last before the fireplace below, till Dean Stanley had it cleansed and restored by the late Mr. George Richmond, and brought it back to the Abbey. Henry IV. had been wont, like the cousin whom he deposed, to say his prayers before St. Edward's shrine, and here one cold winter's day he had been stricken with his last illness and removed to the Abbot's withdrawing room, where there was a fire. In that famous room, the Jerusalem Chamber, took place the last traditional

scene of his life, which Shakspeare has made so vivid for us. Around that shrine were already a circle of Kings—Henry III., the two Edwards and their wives, and the tomb Richard II. had prepared for himself. It is only from the ambulatory side that any idea of the original splendour of these royal monuments can now be formed. For on Henry the Third's, for instance, it is only on the north side, above the reach of the relic-hunter, that any of the beautiful gold mosaic work is left; and on Eleanor's there are slight traces, to be seen in a good light, of the painting by Master Walter of Durham, probably the same Walter who decorated the Coronation Chair. The fine

the gold left by his father, and did not carry out any of the provisions of the will, leaving the Abbot to see that the cere-cloth was kept waxed and the body ready should he ever desire to carry it before an army into Scotland. The plain grey marble was covered with a coat of paint, and partly concealed by a pall, while an iron grille helped to protect the ambulatory side, as was the case on the other tombs. The wooden canopy was torn down and the rafters used as weapons in a riot at the funeral of William Pulteney, Earl of Bath (whose monument is opposite), a common enough occurrence in the eighteenth century. Twelve years later (1776) there was another mob in the

Abbey, pressing round the vault of the Percy family, at the burial of a Duchess of Northumberland; and in this case the canopy of Prince John of Eltham, Edward the Second's son, broke down under the weight of sightseers, many of whom were severely injured, and another uproar ensued which lasted till midnight. Such were the scenes which used to disgrace these peaceful aisles in old days, and another episode of the same period is hardly more creditable to the authorities. This was when some antiquarians (in 1774) were allowed to lift the loose top of the first Edward's tomb, and there look upon the embalmed body of the Hammer of the Scots, lying wrapped in the waxed linen cloth, which had been so carefully renewed by the Abbots while the Plantagenet dynasty lasted. Beneath this were the royal robes, crimson and cloth of gold, all intact, and the King still held the vain symbols of earthly sovereignty, a sceptre and a rod, with the dove, in either hand. Perhaps the temptation to lift the loose cover was one not easily resisted; but the sacrilege was to follow, for, with the consent of the Dean, boiling pitch was poured upon these historical remains, and then the tomb sealed up.

From the south side of the ambulatory is the best view of the tomb of another Edward, grandson of the first, a conqueror not only in Scotland but in France; with his reign, indeed, began the pretensions of our English Kings to the French crown, which for the next hundred years devastated the fair land of Northern France, and did not wholly cease till Tudor times. Six only of the twelve little gilt brass statues of his children, which formerly adorned the tomb, remain; at their head is the great Black Prince himself; close by in the chapel of St. Edmund, behind the fine old wooden screen, are two more of Edward's numerous progeny, William of Windsor and Blanche of the Tower, whose diminutive alabaster effigies show their tender age. Philippa, the good mother of this royal brood, lies at the feet



THE NORTH AMBULATORY, LOOKING EAST.

slabs of porphyry on Henry the Third's tomb are uninjured; they were brought from France by Edward I., who heard of his father's death in the Holy Land, and whose first thought on his return was to erect a tomb which should bear comparison with the elaborate new shrine. Torel, an Englishman, made the effigy; the rest is Italian work. Before it was finished, Edward's dearly loved Queen died, and the same workmen were employed to prepare her tomb; the beautiful and elaborate grille is a fine specimen of English ironwork.

The plain bare tomb of Edward himself must have always been a striking contrast to the painting, gilding, and mosaic on the monuments which he had supervised with loving care and lavished money to adorn. He had, no doubt, believed that his own son would follow his example and commemorate his memory in a suitable manner, for there was enough gold and to spare in his private purse. But Edward II. soon wasted

of her husband; but although one can still trace her plain, homely features in the effigy (the first portrait effigy in the Abbey) the rest of the tomb has been stripped bare, and of the thirty alabaster figures of her relatives once adorning it only one remains. These early Kings of ours spent their days and nights in camp and battlefield, and were rarely many months in peace at home; but, even so, it is difficult now to realise the fact of such premature old age, for at sixty-five Edward III., "mighty victor, mighty lord," died worn out and decrepit, deserted by the fickle courtiers when they saw his last hour approaching. The funeral was worthy of the King's fame: four of his sons carried the body, with its face uncovered, from Westminster Palace, and the bier was followed by the other surviving relatives, headed by the Black Prince's son, young Richard, then a lovely boy of eleven. Ambitious plans were no doubt seething in the breasts of the young King's loving uncles that solemn day, one of whom at least was afterwards





Westminster Abbey: The Chapel of Henry the Seventh and the Chapter House.



bitterly to rue his attempts to govern his headstrong nephew. For Richard grew to manhood self-willed and overbearing, impatient of control, and threw off the yoke of his uncles as opportunity offered; one of them, Thomas of Woodstock, was disposed of twenty years after his father's death under a feather-bed by his nephew's hired assassins, and by that same nephew's tardy desire to atone for his crime brought here to be buried after having first been interred at Plessey in Essex. The fine brass which once marked his grave, near his mother Philippa's tomb, has long been stripped off.

The whole story of Richard's reign is one long series of unforeseen and unhappy incidents. The young King himself, never taught to curb his ungoverned temper, gradually lost his early popularity, and the sun of Crecy, which we see emblazoned among the badges on his tomb, set in clouds and darkness. Yet to Westminster Abbey he must ever be endeared, for he loved the church, and lavished gifts upon the shrine—his favourite oath, we are told by the chroniclers, was "by St. Edward"; to the north transept he added the beautiful porch, called Solomon's, which was finally pulled down late in the last century. Once, however, he sinned in this very church which he loved, for at his young wife's funeral grief made him mad, and he struck to the ground a noble who had come late to the ceremony, the poor man's blood staining the sacred pavement, while Abbot and monks looked on in horror at the sacrilege. He himself raised this costly tomb, with the figures of himself and this beloved first wife, Anne of Bohemia, lying hand in hand upon it; but sixteen years were to pass after his own death before his bones found a sepulchre within it. Then, by the orders of Henry V., who, as a boy, had loved and admired his handsome young cousin, the body was brought here from its obscure grave in Hertfordshire, and carried in a stately funeral procession, followed by the new King and his chief nobles, to this tomb.

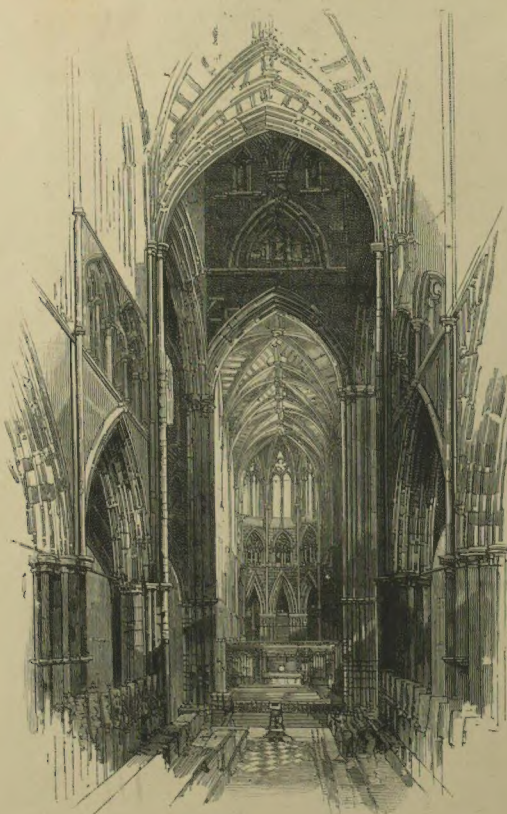
Henry V. was like Richard in one respect, in that he also was a true friend to the Abbey. He gave money yearly to help in the building of the nave, and the grateful Abbot celebrated the victory of Agincourt by a service of praise and thanksgiving. Yet his life was all too short; for only a little over seven years had passed since his reparation to Richard, when the strains



THE SOUTH AMBULATORY OF THE CHOIR.

was cleared by the care of his widow and young son, and soon a beautiful chantry chapel and tomb were prepared for his embalmed remains. Above it still hang the saddle and helmet which were borne at the funeral, and on the ambulatory side Henry's two coronations, in France and in England, and the King in armour on his charger, are depicted. The tomb itself is in a pitiable state, for robbers stole the silver head and plates which concealed the wood in the time of Henry VIII.

Henry VI. inherited his father's piety and his love of the Abbey, but none of his sterner qualities; and here, even while the Wars of the Roses were raging, the serious young King would walk, intent on choosing a sepulchre for himself, assisted by Abbot and Prior. He, at any rate, shrank back at the idea of moving his French mother's tomb from its place in the Lady Chapel to make room for his own; it was left for her Tudor great-grandson to desecrate her ashes on the one hand, while making a parade of his desire to honour Henry VI. himself on the other. For the chapel of Henry VII. was originally proposed by the first Tudor King as a memorial to the unfortunate son of Henry V., whose virtues by this time were appreciated and his weaknesses forgotten. There was, indeed, some idea of canonising Henry VI. as well as removing his bones from Windsor to Westminster, but as the plan of the new chapel took shape in Henry the Seventh's mind the first proposal was dropped, and he ended by designing the building as the place of sepulchre for himself and his family. To him, or, more probably, to his son, must be attributed the strange treatment meted out to the body of their ancestress, the French Catherine. For not only was her tomb destroyed with the old Lady Chapel, but her open coffin was thrust into the space by the effigy of her first husband, Henry V., where it lay, a scandal to the Abbey authorities, for over two hundred years. Here old Pepys saw and kissed the withered mummy, and it was not even given decent burial till the next



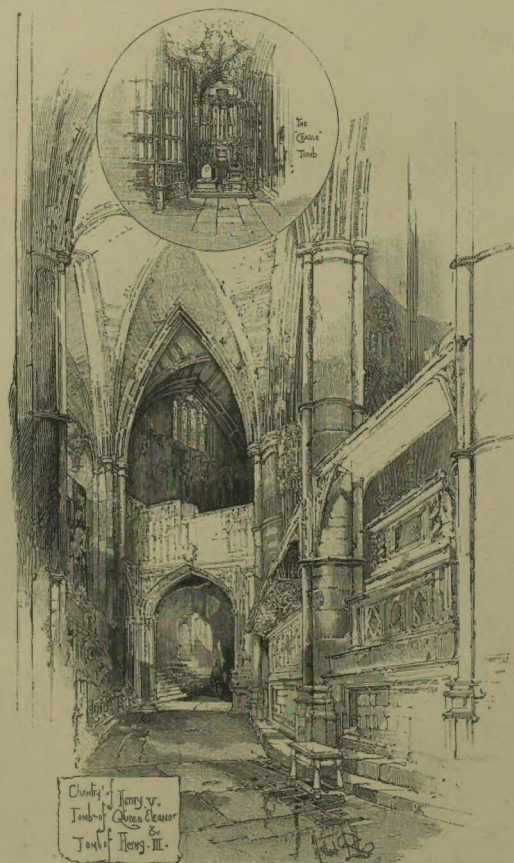
THE CHOIR, LOOKING EAST.

of victory were changed into burial dirges, and the young conqueror himself was carried up the nave to his temporary resting-place near the high altar, the royal chargers slipping and champing on the marble pavement as they were led behind the bier. The east end of the royal chapel

century. Dean Stanley finally removed the coffin from the Villiers's vault in St. Nicholas's Chapel to a more fitting resting-place for the progenitrix of the Tudor dynasty, and placed it in the chantry chapel of Henry V.

With the death of Henry VII. a new era was approaching fast. Fortunately, his mother, the venerable Lady Margaret, did not live to see the execution of her trusted confessor, Bishop Fisher, nor the ruin of the great west monastery. Her beautiful figure, typical of the saintly peace of her old age, by the Italian artist Torrigiano, lies in one of the aisles of her son's new chapel. Lord Bacon has described this monument as "one of the stateliest and daintiest tombs in Europe." The heads of the King and Queen, be it noted, were originally adorned with crowns. The brass-work screen is curious and interesting as the reputed work of English artificers. The monastery was destined to be dissolved, resuscitated for a brief period, and the Abbot finally exchanged for a Dean before these aisles began to fill up with other monuments. For even the Queen Mary Tudor's grave was only marked by the broken altar-stones piled upon it till over half a century had passed, and then the tomb above was raised, not in her honour, but for Elizabeth, and grudgingly paid for out of the royal coffers by James Stuart. "Consorts both in throne and grave, here rest we two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, in hope of one resurrection," are the simple and touching words of the inscription. In the other aisle is the Scotch Mary, her remains brought here from Fotheringhay by her son, James, the solitary act of filial piety which is recorded of him. Although James had to supervise the erection of other people's monuments in the Abbey, he himself lay for over two hundred years in an unmarked grave; his coffin was found at last by Dean Stanley in Henry the Seventh's vault. Scarcely were the costly tombs of Elizabeth and Mary Stuart approaching completion than two of the royal children expired within a year of one another, and James, who was a loving though parsimonious father, and begrudged the money for the funeral expenses, ended by ordering two charming little tombs for his infant daughters from Maximilian Pouttrain at the cost of £140 for the alabaster cradle tomb alone, where the quaint baby Sophia, who died when only three days old, sleeps as peacefully as it is given to

few Princesses to do. Her sister Mary close by rises to her elbow, and one seems still to see the childish lips trying to frame the words of the Lord's Prayer before she too fell asleep. With this impression of childish

Chantry of Henry V.  
Tomb of Queen Eleanor  
Tomb of Henry III.

innocence in our minds, and before the clash of arms had sounded even in these quiet aisles, let us leave the Abbey to-day, leave the bones of Kings and Princes, Queens and Princesses, to mingle with the dust of those less exalted in rank, a vast army of forgotten and unforgotten dead.